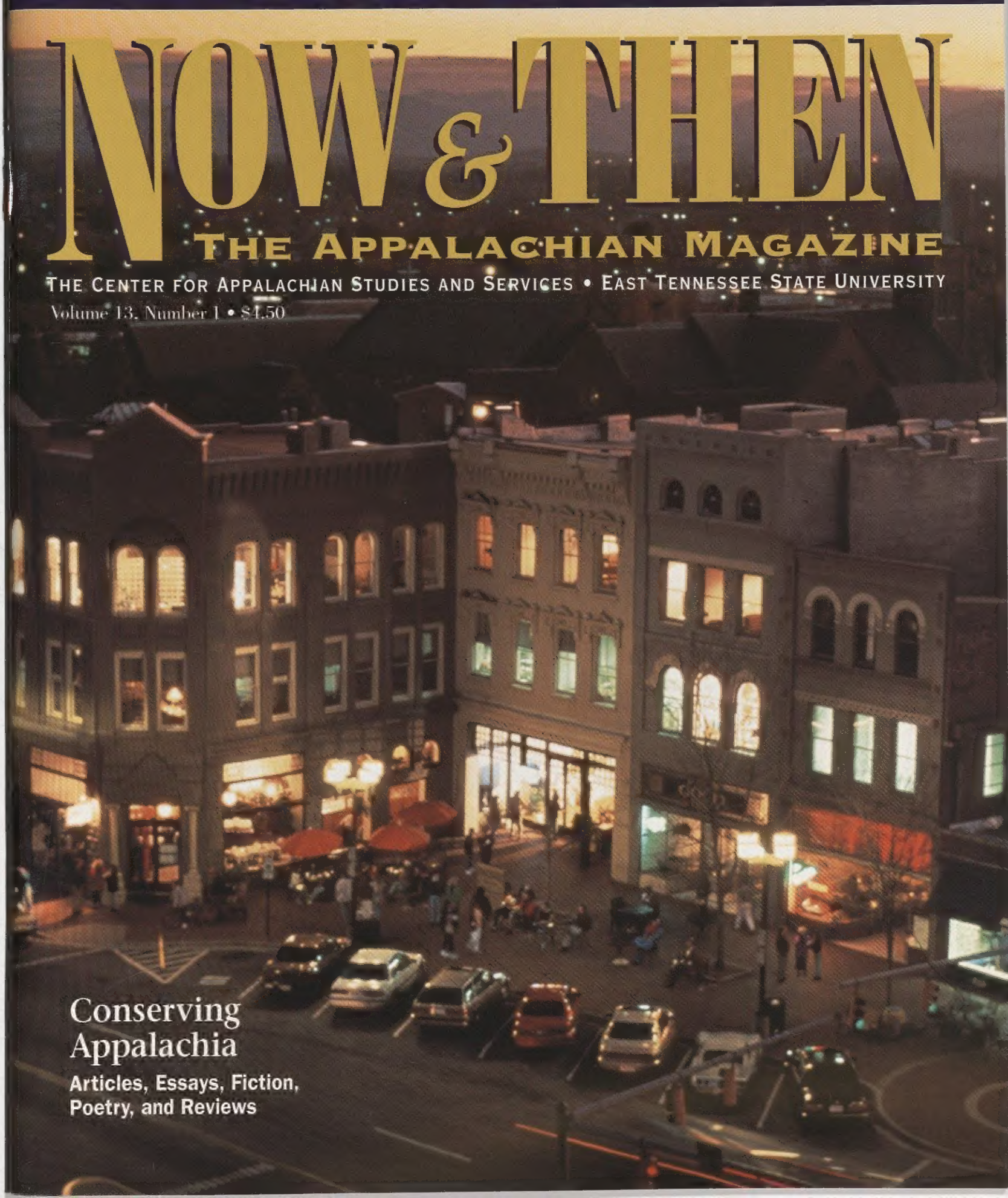
Hidden Heroines • Preservation Overkill? • Amy Tipton Gray

NOW & THEN

THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE

THE CENTER FOR APPALACHIAN STUDIES AND SERVICES • EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY

Volume 13, Number 1 • $4.50



Conserving Appalachia

Articles, Essays, Fiction, Poetry, and Reviews

MORNING SONGS

I.
Sunrise steals
across the lawn
slips on soft feet –
a fawn lying in leaves
the moon sighing westward.

Night's coolness lifts
like vapors from a spring –
water clear as glass
reflecting only color
light too vibrant for this moment.

II.
Fog shrouds the pines
so we're an island
in the house
where a lamp glows,
gray morning promising
a warm day –
fog the property
of early cold wrapped
in earth-hugging humidity.

We think of summer
and beaches and sun and heat
knowing already
it will be too much –
days regulated by needs
and chores and self-imposed
regimen so that February
and fog and cold mornings
will become a dream, a desire
planted too deep for flowering.

III.
Clouds like milk
against blue sky
morning eager as a bride

the pasture horse
clipping grass, teeth
like clamps bruising stems

day stretching
above the horizon
reason another day's muse.

IV.
Spring morning – clear enough to see
past winter's gray, our hilltop
wreathed in brush and trees,
clearing left undone 20 years.

Woodsmen know more planning,
pace the labor, but we slash
and hack, sweat and blood
flowing unobstructed.

Bards ignorant of other work
our lines echo over the hills,
genius bounces from the valleys.
Even trees are not eternal.

Yet our eyes lift, a view opening,
the cutting, pulling well done.

Logs decorate the woodpile,
stacked like loaves against winter's hunger.

— Connie Jordan Green

Connie Jordan Green teaches writing at the University of Tennessee. She has had poems published in Confrontation, Cotton Boll, Cumberland Poetry Review, Iowa Woman, Now & Then, Poem, *and others. Her short fiction has appeared in* Appalachian Heritage *and* Cricket. *Margaret McElderry Imprint, formerly of Macmillan, has published her books for young people,* The War at Home *and* Emmy.

Cover layout by Jane Hillhouse. Photograph courtesy of the Asheville Convention & Visitors Bureau.

Spring 1996
Volume 13, Number 1

Editor Jane H. Woodside
Assistant Editor Nancy Fischman
Poetry Editor Linda Parsons
Music Editor Tim Stafford
Book Review Editor Sandra L. Ballard
Memberships Frieda Souder

Support Staff
Charles Moore ◊ Penelope Lane
Student Assistant
Joel Davis
Volunteers
Toumonava Nelson ◊ Jessica Woodside

Advisory Committee
• Bert Allen • Ed Cabbell • Pauline Cheek •
• Wallace Coffey • Marat Moore •
• Rita Quillen • D.J. Roberts-Jessee •
• Fred Waage • Greg Wallace •
• Kathleen Wilson • Wayne Winkler •

Center for Appalachian Studies and Services
Director
Jean Haskell Speer

Now & Then has been published three times a year since 1984 by the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services (CASS) at East Tennessee State University. CASS is one of the State of Tennessee's Centers of Excellence supporting artistic, scholarly, and public service projects in the region. For membership information, see *NewsCASS*, inserted in this magazine.

Submissions of poetry, fiction, articles, personal essays, graphics, and photographs concerned with Appalachian life, past and present, are welcome if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Upcoming deadlines: Religion in Appalachia — July 1, 1996 (for Winter 1996); Appalachian Humor — November 1, 1996 (for Spring 1997). **Address correspondence to: *Now & Then,*** Box 70556, ETSU, Johnson City TN 37614-0556. **Send poetry to:** Linda Parsons, 2909 Fountain Park Blvd., Knoxville TN 37917. **Send book reviews or suggestions for reviews to:** Sandy Ballard, Dept. of English, Carson-Newman College, Box 2059, Jefferson City TN 37917.

The views expressed in these pages are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent opinions of East Tennessee State University, of the Tennessee Board of Regents, or of CASS.

East Tennessee State University is a Tennessee Board of Regents institution. East Tennessee State University is fully in accord with the belief that educational and employment opportunities should be available to all eligible persons without regard to age, sex, race, religion, national origin, or disability.

TBR No. 260-080-95 1.5M
ISSN No. 0896-2693

© Copyright by the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, 1996

Printed by Inové Graphics, Kingsport, Tenn.
Special thanks to Dorothy Anglos, Charlotte Bennett, Nancy Earnest, James Huhta, Richard Major, Jim Sledge, and Kathleen Wilson.

NOW & THEN

THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE

"To embrace the goals of cultural conservation resolves nothing. Rather, it begins a debate about values and priorities."
— Benita Howell

ARTICLES
5 Invisible Nation — *Laurene Scalf with Charlotte Bennett*
9 Looking for Main Street America — *Jane Harris Woodside*
15 Swapping Stories — *Joel Davis*
16 Pulling Tricks Out of a Box — *Jo Carson*
17 Hidden Heroines — *Jo Carson*
21 'Night, John-Boy — *Watt Childress*
26 Beyond Historic Preservation — *Benita Howell*

ESSAYS
3 On Being Appalachian — *Amy Tipton Gray*
19 Aunt Esther — *Jim Minick*
26 Has Jonesborough Been Preserved? — *Anne Gervin Koehler*

FICTION
31 Logging Tate City — *Mike Shuler*

POETRY
◄ Morning Songs — *Connie Jordan Green*
2 Anointed — *Joan E. Shroyer-Keno*
8 Hand Tools — *David Eugene Belcher*
14 Arrowhead — *John Means*
20 Pulled Down — *Lisa Coffman*
24 Homeplace — *Edwina Pendarvis*
25 Early Snow at Cooper's Farm — *Linda Schaible*
39 In Difficult Virginia — *Errol Miller*
41 A Simple Thing — *Leatha Kendrick*

REVIEWS
34 ***Appalachia Inside Out*** edited by Robert J. Higgs, Ambrose N. Manning, and Jim Wayne Miller — *Danny L. Miller*
35 ***The Melungeons*** by N. Brent Kennedy with Robyn Vaughan Kennedy — *Helen M. Lewis*
Daughter of the Legend by Jesse Stuart
36 ***Catalpa*** by George Ella Lyon — *Rebecca Bailey*
36 ***Contrary Motions*** by Dan Leidig — *Rebecca Bailey*
37 ***Footsteps of the Cherokees*** by Vicki Rozema — *Ginny Carney*
38 ***Doug and Jack Wallin: Family Songs and Stories*** produced by Wayne Martin — *Thomas McGowan*
39 Books Worth Mentioning — *Sandy Ballard*

MUSIC
40 Love of the Mountains by Allen Mills — *Tim Stafford*

Hitting People Where They Live

Essayist Amy Tipton Gray never meant to submit "On Being Appalachian" (page 3) to *Now & Then* — or to anywhere else, for that matter. She opened her mail one day and came face to face with a publisher's blurb about a book by a poet who claims an Appalachian identity for herself in spite of the fact that she was not born here nor does she currently live in the region. Something deep down in Tipton's gut instructed her to sit down and listen because it had something to say.

She sat down, she listened, she wrote — and then she made the mistake of sending the satirical piece to a friend over in Johnson City, Tenn., where it fell into my hands. After some persuasion on my part, and some soul searching on hers, she agreed to let us print the essay.

The quality that impelled me to twist Gray's arm was one we found in unusual abundance in the essays and articles in this issue. Conserving Appalachia was a theme that our contributors took very seriously.

This issue is about the past and how it continues to color our present. This issue is about Appalachians' desire to protect what they feel is the essence of an identity and a way of life that often has complicated connections to the past, as Jim Minick's poignant "Aunt Esther" shows (page 19).

Conserving Appalachia was also a theme our contributors took very personally. I went to the opening performance of Jo Carson's *Hidden Heroines* in Jonesborough, Tenn., the other night. From time to time, I turned my attention from the stage to the audience and studied the intent faces I found there. This was not just a story, I realized. It was not just anybody's history. It was *their* story, *their* history. I got that same sense from many, many of the submissions, both those we accepted and those we did not.

There are strong feelings expressed in the pages of this magazine. And the opinions that emerge out of those feelings are certainly ones with which some readers will take issue. In " 'Night, John-Boy" (page 21), Watt Childress voices his distress at the changes that he sees accompanying the arrival of a large national retailer's distribution center in Greeneville, Tenn., in particular and the opening of its stores throughout Appalachia in general. However, all over the region, Wal-Mart's parking lots are full of the cars of people who might well argue with his point of view.

Then there is Anne Gervin Koehler's essay, "Has Jonesborough Been Preserved?" (page 26). "You're going to hear from some people about this one," Koehler herself predicted. I suspect she's right. In fact, I took the precaution of telling a good friend, who lives in Jonesborough, Tenn., and thoroughly approves of the changes that have taken place there, that the spring issue contains a piece that argues that historic preservation has turned the town into a theme park. "She called Jonesborough a *what?"* she fumed.

I hope that you will read the articles in this issue with respect for the sincerity of the writer's views. But if your gut tells you it has something to say, I also hope that you will write your thoughts down and send them to *Now & Then* so that we can finally launch a Letters to the Editor section.

With this issue, bluegrass musician Tim Stafford of Blue Highway fame, with East Tennessee State University editorial assistant Marcia Cooper's help, takes over the music editor's chores from Ed Snodderly. Ed, a member of the "new hillbilly" group The Brother Boys, has edited *Now & Then's* music page ever since there has been a music page, embarking each time on the sometimes taxing search for just the right song to tie in with the issue's theme. Especially during the *Now & Then* songwriting contest last year, Ed did yeoman's work. We appreciate his efforts, and we hope to see him around.

— Jane Harris Woodside

In Memoriam

We note with sadness the death of Earl Palmer, the "roamin' cameraman" of the Appalachian region. As we were going to press in March with an issue that just happened to feature several of his photographs, we learned that Earl died at age 90. His was a robust life of storytelling, picture-taking, and philosophizing about the Appalachian region. In my work with Earl on our joint book project about his life and work, *The Appalachian Photographs of Earl Palmer,* I learned that Earl was a passionate and complicated man. His photographs of rural life, folkways, work, and most of all, the people of Appalachia in earlier years leave an important legacy to the region he loved. Earl once told me, "I'm essentially a mountain man, a mountain photographer, and I profess no other life than that." Earl's was a rich life that, in turn, enriched his Appalachian homeland. He will be missed.

— Jean Haskell Speer

ANOINTED

I keep my shovel clean –
unsoiled.
Oiled blade and handle both.

The crusty sound
of stepping it into soil.
The rip of the roots.
The thud of the clod.

Red earth rising in bloom.

I break this loaf of earth
and break again.
I crumble
and crumbs shift in my palms.

I rub my face, my head, my hands
with the flesh of my mother –
offer it back to her as my flesh.
Pat it into her open wound.

I rise a blossom in bloom.

— Joan E. Shroyer-Keno

Joan E. Shroyer-Keno is employed by a physicians' services corporation in Knoxville, Tenn. She has been published in various small press publications and anthologies. She was first runner-up for the 1995 Coos Bay Writers Workshop-Mary Scheirman Poetry Award.

On Being Appalachian

by Amy Tipton Gray

A chance letter about Appalachian credentials leads to the author's true confession about her own identity.

In my mail the other day, I found a letter of solicitation that settled in my thoughts like a sort of mental chigger infestation. The letter bore none of the hammer-handed, claxon-voiced prose tactics that are guaranteed to make me shred before reading. It offered no gory photographs of the slaughtered infants of fur-bearing mammals. It sounded no shrieking pleas for funds to save one or another aspect of the civilized world from Gog and Magog. It didn't even have Ed McMahon emblazoned above the acetate.

It was a perfectly respectable flyer from a perfectly respectable small press hawking a perfectly fine volume of poetry that I intend to endorse — perfectly, one hopes.

For that reason, I refuse to name either the press or the poet in the lines below. (Besides, the readership of this journal is no doubt on the same mailing list and will know, without further clue, what I will be addressing.)

Three lines into the letter, I hit the following caveat. It was disguised as a recommendation, but it was a caveat, nonetheless:

"As regional publishers, we questioned [the poet's] 'Appalachian credentials' when . . . first approached. [The poet's residence] is a long way from the mountains. [The poet currently resides in a very Southern town in a very southern Southern state — one that still flies the rebel battle flag on its state capital, if I am not mistaken.] *We want to pass on what [the poet] wrote in reply — which was a strong statement on cultural and literary identity."*

You bet your hillbilly high-waders it was.

The defense, which I have summarized to the point of truncation, rests on the following arguments: first, "ancestral ties to Eastern Kentucky"; second, "an upbringing in North Georgia" (not specifically the Georgia hills, Land of Foxfire, but who am I to be suspect of tenuous specificity?); third, "connections to many writers' groups in the region," the members of which — some of whom are thanked by name — taught the poet, inspired the poet, provided the poet's interior audience.

And then, the argument ne plus ultra.

"I keep coming back to the notion that I can lay claim to Appalachian regional ties," the poet writes, "because that is where my heart lies. I've never had the option of choosing the place I live, but I am free to choose the place I will love."

The publisher's response: "These words and the poems with them convinced us, and the rest is, if not publishing history, then something that is surely connected to it."

Anthony Feathers

I can't tell you in words how wonderful reading all this made me feel. For the first time in my life, I feel empowered to go public with something that I have had to keep hidden in my heart for decades for fear of being castigated by an unfeeling world. Dare I name it? Dare I tell the secret that has clawed at the very center of my being all these years, despairing of ever being able to reach the light, the world — the life! — I have never felt able to claim? Dare we go then, you and I, into the muttering retreats, the half-deserted streets, the yellow fog of the discourse of self-validation? Oh, Dear Reader, I shall tell you, tell you all. Put down your coffee spoon and settle your pillow and your shawl. I will tell you all.

I am black.

Oh yes, I know, that is not what you meant at all. I know that I am not *genetically* black. Culturally, biologically, psychologically, both sides of the family are white as the driven snow. Even with Self-Tanning Cream, I am never actually more than a washed-out shade of beige.

But I *am* black.

I never had the opportunity, once I was born and had cast the karmic die for this life, to choose my color — my race — my culture.

I never had the opportunity, once I was born and had cast the karmic die for this life, to choose my color — my race — my culture. But now — now! — thanks to the syllogism so recently received in my mail, I know that I AM *SO* BLACK BECAUSE I WANT TO BE.

I can lay claim to blackness on several counts.

First, I have always loved black music and black literature. Forget this pop stuff. We're talking Delta blues and Frederick Douglass and W. E. B. DuBois and the Harlem Renaissance and all that other BLACK black art. (Check out Langston Hughes' "Slave on the Block," for a start.) And history. I have been an avid student of black history ever since elementary school. (I just finished reading Fox-Genovese's *Within the Plantation Household.)* And language. I have never put down my students for writing in their dialect, even while trying to provide them with a second — the weapon of standard English. And I never, never try to fake a dialect not my own. I never laughed at Stymie and Buckwheat of *Little Rascals* fame.

Some of my black students call me "girlfriend."

And — dare I reveal this little known fact? My porcelain pale ancestors were enslaved too!

Yes, they were so! First by the Romans and then by the Irish and then by the Vikings and then by the Normans. And then they had to endure economic slavery under the British Imperialist Overlords and other assorted Big-Time Haves to our Have-Nots. And then there is the metaphoric slavery we have endured at the hands of popular culture, of media, of paternalism disguised as scholarship. Oh yes. We, too, have known the lash and whip.

So see? If I want to be black, I can be because "that is where my heart lies."

I have two further points to pursue.

First, if the Un-Named Press wanted to publish this book, they should have just done so and told any who quibbled with the Un-Named Poet's credentials to, in the words of another oppressed people, "bite a big one." It's their press. If they are going to discriminate on the basis of "regional credentials," then they had better by the great god Dambala do so without apology. They had better define what they think "regional" means and stick to it.

If they want to publish a work because it has merit and they are proud of it and they just plain want to, they should — without mealy-mouthing around about it.

They can't have it both ways. A work is regional — or it isn't. Publish it and promote it. Don't proselytize about its putative geo-cultural legitimacy. Which brings me to point the second.

I have all my life been caught on the horns of a particularly painful and frustrating dilemma. It has always and forever been my contention that a work has worth, has life, has honor above and beyond regionality. Regionality is simply one quality among many by which the measure of a work of art should be taken. Or it should be. When it becomes the sole defining quality, then the merits of that work need to be examined closely. ("Oh look, Martha! A new novel about hillfolk! How quaint!")

It has also been my contention that regionality is something people are born to. Regionality is literally a birthmark: It's always there. You can hide it, you can flaunt it, you can even cauterize it in repudiation, but it is part of who you are and what you are and what you evermore will be. A region can be adopted through residence, but regionality *can't.* Writer and physician Abraham Verghese, for example, over and over calls East Tennessee "my own country, my beloved Tennessee" in his recent book on AIDS, but never once does he pretend to be an East Tennessean. He is very clear about the fact that his people belong to one of the Christian families established centuries ago in Kerala, India.

The Un-Named Poet may never have had the opportunity to choose where to settle. But I have never had the opportunity to be accepted as who and what I say I am. No. I have run up against the wall of other people's definitions, other people's labels, other people's prejudices and expectations and assumptions about who and what is mountain and who and what is not for so long that I have a permanent case of the head spins. I am no less a mountain person because I was reared in town than I am less a scholar because I attended a "regional" university. There are many, many kinds of mountain people, born mountain people, but that is a fact those enamored of stereotype and political agenda (and often, I fear, academic agenda as well) fail to acknowledge.

But I will tell you one thing I'm not.

I'm not black.

And I don't care how many black friends I have, how many black people to whom I teach black history (why don't you ask how comfortable *that* feels, sometime?), how many records I buy or choir concerts I attend or books I read, one fact remains.

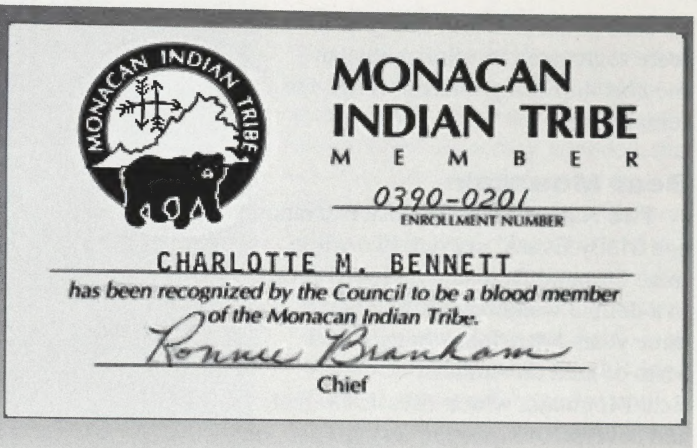
I am not black.

And wishing so ain't gonna make it so. N&T

Amy Tipton Gray, whose Appalachian pedigree goes back 10 generations, teaches English and other things at Caldwell Community College in Hudson, N.C.

Invisible Nation

by
Laurene Scalf
with
Charlotte Bennett



A Virginia Native American tribe takes its first steps toward reclaiming a lost heritage.

Charlotte Bennett's blond hair and porcelain complexion are lit by the sun streaming through the window of a Chinese restaurant in Johnson City, Tenn. She wears a black shirt and beaded earrings. The earrings were made by a Native American. Bennett knows this because she made them herself.

Bennett is a quarter Monacan, and she has the state tribal membership card to prove it. About the size of a business card, it establishes her as a blood relative, through her father, Andrew Moody, of a Sioux tribe based in Amherst County, Va. However, she requires no card to claim the Scottish descent of her mother, whom she physically resembles.

Native Americans are the only United States citizens who must prove their heritage in order to claim their ethnic identity. This proof is necessary because of the Native Americans' special status. State acknowledgment of tribes, which the Monacans received from Virginia several years ago, is mainly a point of pride, a way of acknowledging the group's contributions to the state's history and culture. Receiving state approval also tends to be a good first step in the process of receiving federal recognition, notes Thomasina Jordan, chair of Virginia's Council on Indians.

Native Americans are the only United States citizens who must prove their heritage in order to claim their ethnic identity.

Being the officially enrolled member of a federally recognized tribe gives individuals who live on a reservation access to Bureau of Indian Affairs and Indian Health Service programs, ranging from health care to law enforcement. For those who do not live on reservations, there are still advantages to being a card-carrying Indian. For example, they have official "minority" status and thus become eligible for a range of governmental programs, from educational assistance to special small business loans.

Sioux in Virginia

From the early 17th century, explorers and historians have written about the Algonquins in eastern Virginia and the Cherokee in the western part of the state. But they ignored the Monacans who lived in central Virginia, a people considered to be of little political importance. Lack of research and of records led to the assumption that the tribe was part of the Algonquin, Iroquois, or Cherokee nations. But at the end of the 19th century, pioneering ethnologist James Mooney discovered linguistic evidence of the tribe's Sioux origin.

Though the Sioux are popularly associated with the northern plains, historians now believe that while some Sioux migrated west from the Ohio River Valley, other portions of the nation moved east into Virginia and south into South Carolina where they hunted and farmed. They differed from the neighboring Algonquin and Iroquois nations in their language, dress, and customs. Ironically, the name *Monacan* comes not from the Sioux language, but from an Algonquin word meaning "earth people" or "diggers in the dirt," referring, it is believed, to the Monacans' reliance on corn crops.

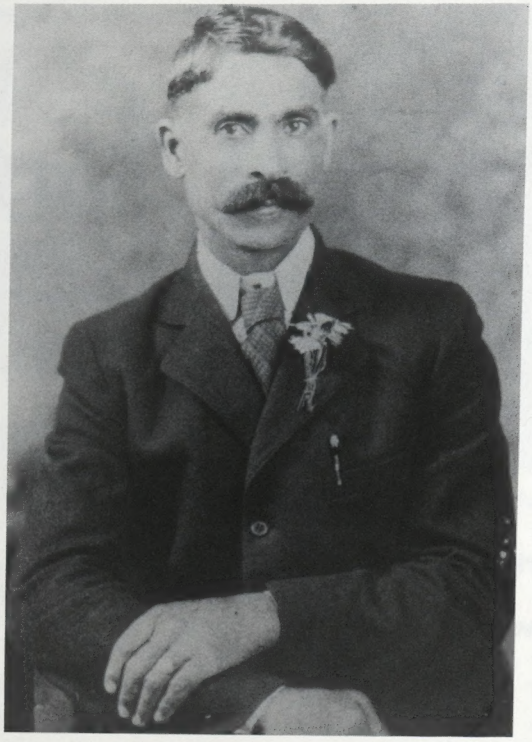
The first known encounter between the Monacans and whites occurred in 1608 when English explorer Captain John Smith led an expedition through Monacan territory, capturing one of the chiefs and forcing him to serve as a guide. Smith made only a brief mention of the Monacans in his journal account of the trip, but with the bound guide's help, he produced an accurate map of the area.

In the late 1700s, Thomas Jefferson excavated a Monacan burial mound on his land near Charlottesville, Va. The Monacans buried their dead wrapped in animal skins and, like the Egyptians, loaded the grave with food and household goods to

be used in the afterlife. The graves were segregated by clan, with clan membership being traced through the female line.

Bear Mountain

Two Native American sisters, Nancy and Molly Evans, married two white men, Edmund Branham and Will Johns, in a double wedding in 1790. Forty-three years later, Johns bought 400 acres of land on Amherst County's Bear Mountain, which rises 1,800 feet and covers 700 square miles on Tobacco Row, a smaller ridge which runs parallel to and east of the Blue Ridge. Along with the Branhams and a family named Redcross, the Johnses then settled on Bear Mountain. Over the next century, the land was lost piecemeal to the government when its Indian owners were unable to pay land taxes.



Courtesy of Charlotte Bennett

Marcellus Branham, great-grandfather of Charlotte Bennett.

In accordance with 19th century Virginia law, the mixed white Indian residents of the area were labeled "mulatto" or "Freemen of color" on their birth certificates. Then Virginia passed the Racial Integrity Act in 1924, a law which created two, and only two, racial groups: "white" and "colored." After 1924, an individual's racial identification was included not only on birth certificates, but also on all official records, including marriage licenses, school records, and death certificates. This designation strengthened prejudice in Amherst County against the Bear Mountain community and further diluted the Monacans' recognition of their own Native American identity.

The Southern Episcopal Diocese established what is now known as St. Paul's Mission at Bear Mountain in 1908. The Diocese built a church, expanded the already existing small community school building, and hired a teacher for the 150 children who lived there. Working in concert with the Amherst County School Board and Sweet Briar College, located along Route 29 in Amherst, Va., the mission became the axis of the Monacan community, dispensing education and health care and providing a spiritual center. The mission school closed in 1964, ten years after the Brown vs. the Board of Education decision, when Native American children were finally permitted to attend public schools in Amherst County. Black children had been allowed to attend county schools for some time.

Almost a generation later, Dr. Peter Houck, a white pediatrician practicing in Amherst County, was intrigued by the appearance — the dark skin and high cheekbones — of many of his Bear Mountain patients. He began researching the area's history, compiling the scattered written evidence that a tribe called Monacan had lived there. In 1984, he published *Indian Island,* an account of the Monacan's history on Bear Mountain. Published by Houck's own Lynchburg, Va.-based Warwick House, the book galvanized the tribe's interest in reclaiming their culture.

Courtesy of Charlotte Bennett

Charlotte Bennett's parents, Eva and Andy Moody, in their wedding picture, 1941. Andy Moody is Marcellus Branham's grandson.

Gaining recognition

Those who had blood ties to the Branhams, the Johnses, the Redcrosses, and other Monacan families became part of the Monacan Tribal Association, formed in 1988 and currently numbering more than 700 people among its members. A year later, the state of Virginia officially recognized them as a tribe. Their early Amherst history was recognized, and their right to tribal government was approved in General Assembly House Joint Resolution 390.

The Virginia Council on Indians grants recognition after research has proven that the tribe is a bona fide Native American tribe. Each Native American group, however, determines who does and does not qualify for tribal membership. The Monacans have temporarily suspended registration for state tribal membership, says Bennett, in part because the Monacans are in the process of seeking federal recognition. Up to this point, aspiring members have had to fill out a genealogical chart proving that they are direct descendents of one of a number of Monacan families, such as the Johnses, the Redcrosses, or the Branhams. If the tribe receives federal recognition as they hope to do later this year, it may well have to revise its membership criteria to be consistent with the blood quantum system used by other Native American tribes. The Eastern Band of Cherokee, for example, will only enroll individuals who are at least one-sixteenth Native American, the equivalent of having one full-blood great-great grandparent.

Another reason the Monacans have put applications on hold is because the tribe has been overwhelmed with requests. Phyllis Hicks, a tribal representative, says, "You'd be amazed how many people who left here come back and apply for cards. We just have too many papers to go through before we can administer more." Mary Wade,

the Monacan representative on Virginia's Council on Indians, points out that the volume of applications is largely due to a resurgence of pride in the Monacans' Native American heritage. Previous generations felt mostly shame about their identity, if they even acknowledged their Native American background. "People now say, 'I *want* to be known as a Monacan Indian,' " notes Wade.

In 1992, 34 members of the tribe went to the Episcopal Cathedral in Washington, D.C., for an observance of the Columbus Quincentennial. It was the first time the tribe had received any national recognition. Hicks, who is a lay reader at St. Paul's Episcopal Mission, assisted at the Eucharist.

"I never had any experience in my life that touched me like that one," she says. "As we marched in, I don't think my feet ever touched the floor. My ancestors carried me the whole way."

Courtesy of Charlotte Bennett

Sally Johns, great-great-granddaughter of Molly and Will Johns, with her daughter Peggy in 1934. Touted by a Knoxville paper as a "Choctaw Indian princess of Johnson City," Johns married Scandinavian wrestler Swede Sanderson in a ceremony performed at the Knoxville Athletic Club ring just prior to Sanderson's match with local favorite Herman Wayland.

Rediscovering a heritage

Today's Monacans are reaching out to their ancestors. In a program of culture classes, they are relearning some of the ancient tribal crafts, such as basket making, beading, and leather work. They are also learning the old Sioux language. "I don't remember my mother or grandmother speaking the language. It was just lost to us," says Hicks. Storytelling classes are popular with adults and children. The culture classes are held in the summertime because the Bear Mountain roads are often impassable in winter.

There are also classes in Native American spiritual beliefs. One might expect those teachings to cause some controversy in a community so closely tied to a Christian mission, but to Hicks, there is no contradiction here. "To me, I don't see no difference in it. The sweat lodge ceremony and the church service serve the same purpose. You're talking to the same God, the same Creator." The Bear Mountain community, she says, is devoted to the Episcopal Diocese. "Where would we be today if they hadn't taken us in and let us be ourselves and keep our families together?"

The crafts made in the culture classes are sold at pow wows throughout Virginia, festivals of Native American culture attended by sundry tribes. With the proceeds of the first pow wow they attended, the tribe put a down payment on the $85,000 purchase price for 100 acres of Bear Mountain. Once the land is paid for, the Monacans hope to raise money to build a community center. The Monacan pow wows, held since 1992 in Sedalia, near Natural Bridge, Va., have been well-attended until last year. "We came out about even," says Hicks. "The weather was too hot in July. But we'll have the pow wow in June this year."

In an attempt to educate the community-at-large about the Monacans in their midst, Amherst County schools asked members of the tribal association to visit schools and talk about their heritage. In 1991, a mobile exhibit, a "tabletop museum" as Hicks describes it, was organized by the tribe and funded by the Virginia Foundation for the Humanities (VFH). "The Monacan: Reclaiming a Heritage" now travels to libraries, community centers, and schools. Two years later, steps to form a more permanent display of Monacan history and culture were initiated when the VFH gave the tribe a $10,000 grant to form a Monacan museum steering committee.

Tying the present and the past together

In 1992 and 1993, Jeffrey Hantman, an anthropologist at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, staged an archeological dig at Wingina, Va., located in rural Nelson County on the James River, to look for further clues to the Monacan past. He found pieces of pottery and other implements of Monacan daily life. Hicks hopes Hantman will pass the artifacts on to the museum.

The opening date is not yet set — the community is still renovating the old mission school building at the foot of Bear Mountain in which the museum will be located — but they hope to be ready for the public in the fall of this year. "We'll have artifacts and exhibits and pictures of our ancestors," says Hicks. "Maybe some older things — quilts and baskets that some of

Courtesy of Charlotte Bennett

The original school house at Bear Mountain was built around 1868. When the Episcopal mission was established in 1908, the building was expanded. To the far left is the newest school building, finished in the late 1950s.

our older people might still have. We're trying to tie in the present and the past." There will be a library and a video room for the taped oral histories being gathered among the older members of the tribe, as well as a small lecture hall for presentations to school groups and anyone else interested in the Monacan culture. "We hope it will be a wonderful tribute to our people when we're through," says Hicks.

Courtesy of Charlotte Bennett

Charlotte Bennett with former Monacan Chief Ronnie Branham.

Meanwhile, small-scale tributes to the Monacans' past appear in everyday objects like the earrings that sway by Bennett's cheek as she spoons her won ton soup and talks about her Monacan heritage. Old connections are being reforged between the Monacan residents of Bear Mountain and those who left decades ago for Maryland, New Jersey, and East Tennessee to find work and to escape the Racial Integrity Law.

In 1991, those Monacans who had migrated to Northeast Tennessee formed an association with the Monacans of Bear Mountain. Bennett has gathered oral histories from her father's relations in both Tennessee and in Virginia. Her interviews have been included in the 1993 edition of Houck's *Indian Island,* which was co-authored by Mintcy D. Maxham, an Amherst County native. Bennett is also secretary of the museum committee.

All in all, she says, the whole experience is "like coming home after being lost." N&T

Laurene Scalf, who is of Celtic, English, and Cherokee descent, lives and writes in Louisville, Ky. She is working with Legends Productions on a video documentary of the Brooklyn Dodgers for ESPN.

Charlotte Bennett lives in Johnson City, Tenn., and owns a small Native American crafts business.

Hand Tools

sharp and silent steel scythe
holds to a hickory handle
polished by the years in calloused hands

of men who lived before me
passing along with their skin and hair type
the responsibility to swing hand tools
at unrelenting objects from this dirt

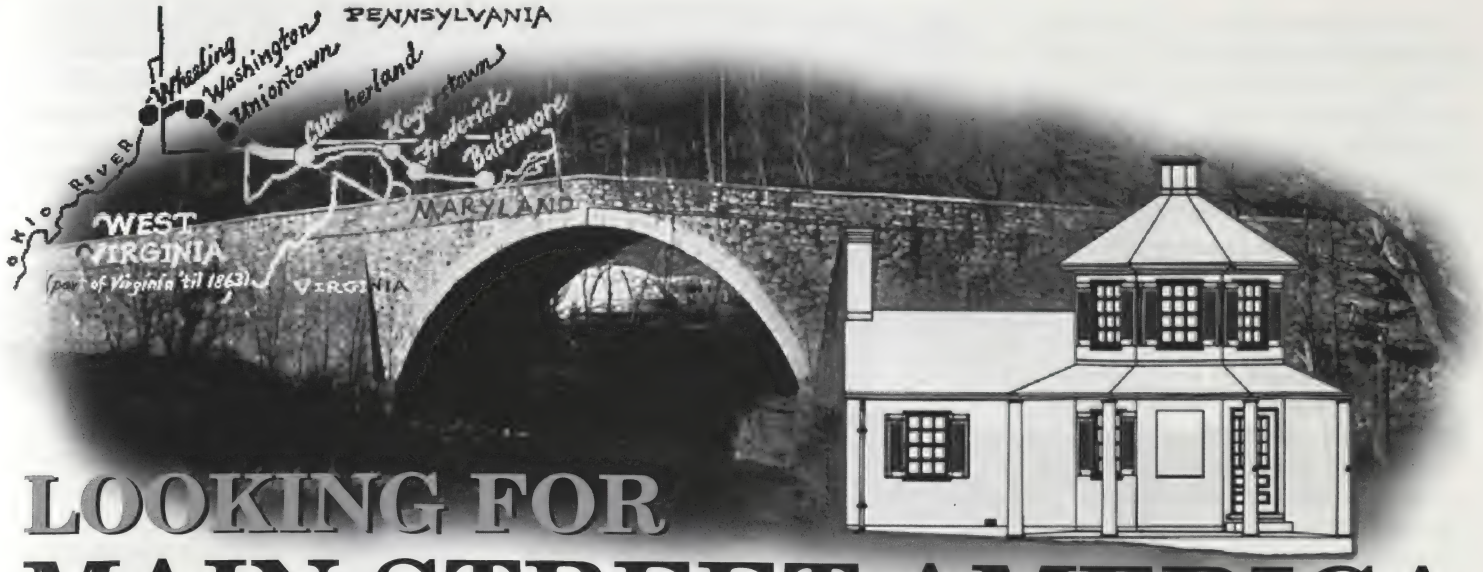
hold hands with a hard hickory handle
worn silky smooth by the swing of a dozen decades
against the flesh of those who left me this

I do not feel I own this tool
no moreso than the land
I only exist so they can live
the saws, the scythe, the ax
with just forty years between the son and father

a blink of an eye
grim reaper to a patch of jimson
angel of death to the everthriving chillweed

— David Eugene Belcher

David Eugene Belcher lives in Loudon, Tenn. Poems of his recently took awards in the Tennessee Mountain Writers Conference poetry competitions.



LOOKING FOR MAIN STREET AMERICA

A West Virginia University historian graduates from clay models to the real thing.

Roads took hold of Billy Joe Peyton's imagination a long time ago — and they won't let go.

In addition to being a West Virginia University (WVU) doctoral candidate in history, Peyton is currently the associate director of the Institute for the History of Technology and Industrial Archeology (IHTIA), a unit of WVU's Eberly College of Arts and Sciences in Morgantown, W.Va. The IHTIA, founded in 1989, engages in the interdisciplinary study, documentation, and preservation of historic industries, transportation, and engineering works. (See "Uncovering Appalachia's Industrial Past," page 12.)

As part of the IHTIA staff, one of Peyton's responsibilities is serving as director for the three-year National Road project, charged with making an exhaustive record of the 19th century roadway which ran from Maryland to what is today West Virginia's northern panhandle.

The 39-year-old Peyton spent most of his childhood in Charleston, W.Va. It was there he developed his passion for roads. Part of his fascination with road technology can be traced to his love of travel. "Traveling was always just a neat thing to me," says the historian, who back in 1991 spent his honeymoon traveling the legendary U.S. Route 66 with his bride, IHTIA producer/director Christine Peyton-Jones.

In particular, his family's treks to his aunt's house over the narrow, twisting West Virginia turnpike made an impression on the young boy. "The sign that said, 'Welcome to the West Virginia Turnpike: A Modern Two-Lane Highway' is etched in my memory forever," he laughs.

When Peyton was in the fifth grade in 1968, construction of I-79 began through Charleston. "They purchased property around our house, and a lot of my friends were forced to move. So highways became a pretty big deal." When actual construction got under way, he could watch crews blasting 24 hours a day in a floodlit area right behind his house. The blasting was followed in due course by an assortment of huge, captivating machines preparing the roadway.

"The name 'National Road' sounded so important, so powerful."

In a grade school American history class, he heard about the National Road. "The name 'National Road' sounded so important, so powerful," Peyton remembers. In the sixth grade, as construction on I-79 progressed, he did a report on the history of road-building technology through the centuries, complete with elaborate clay models of different road types. Intrigued, the youngster wanted to learn more.

The First U.S. Interstate

When the IHTIA undertook the National Road project in 1993, over 20 years later, Peyton saw a chance to revive his childhood interest. Although scholars had already written about the road's impact on the new nation's social and cultural life, he realized that no one had ever looked into how and why the highway itself had been built.

For the past three years, Peyton and members of the IHTIA research team have been tracking down as much of the original road as possible. Scheduled for completion later this year, the project will culminate in a series of drawings and maps, a narrative history, and archival photographs of the engineered structures on the road: the bridges, the culverts, the three remaining tollhouses, and some of the more important taverns and other landmarks.

The IHTIA's documentation project is part of a larger effort, the Historic American Engineering Record (HAER), a national program administered by the National Park Service (NPS) and dedi-

by Jane Harris Woodside

cated to documenting the nation's engineering heritage. In fact, the NPS's Historic American Building Survey/ Historic American Engineering Record division is funding the $100,000 estimated cost of the National Road project.

It would actually be more accurate to call the IHTIA endeavor the Cumberland Road project. By 1838, when the entire National Road was in place, it covered 815 miles from Baltimore, Md., to Vandalia, Ill. The "Cumberland Road" specifically refers to the initial 131-mile section which cut through the rugged terrain of the Allegheny Mountains from Cumberland, Md., up through western Pennsylvania to what is now Wheeling, W.Va., on the Ohio River. A continuation of an older road from Baltimore, which had been built by private associations, the Cumberland Road stretch was the very first — and for about 100 years, the only — federally funded highway.

Peyton is fond of calling the Cumberland Road the nation's first interstate. By connecting the East Coast to the Ohio River Valley, it helped knit together the states through which it passed and opened the Midwest to settlement. Eventually supplanted by U.S. Route 40 in the 1920s, it was the new country's most important transportation corridor during the nation's formative years of the early 19th century.

IHTIA

A typical Pennsylvania pike town.

A Lucky Find

When Peyton first began the research that will eventually result in the project's narrative (and in Peyton's dissertation), he paid a visit to the National Archives in Washington, D.C. There, he found a treasure-trove of material on the old road. "You could tell when you unraveled the stuff that no one had looked at it for a long, long time," he reports with the glee of a young scholar who has discovered previously untouched territory.

Among the materials were original field notes and journals from the three civilian commissioners appointed by President Thomas Jefferson in 1806 and charged with "the making and laying out" of the Cumberland Road. Peyton also found crucial correspondence between Treasury Secretary Albert Gallatin and Road Superintendent David Shriver. At the outset, road construction was under the auspices of the U.S. Department of the Treasury.

IHTIA

The Little Crossings bridge over the Casselman River outside Grantsville, Md., was the longest single arch stone bridge in the U.S. when it was built as part of the National Road in 1813.

Gallatin and Shriver would discuss contracts, construction materials, payrolls, and day-to-day operations in detail. "These letters told me everything I needed to know about the construction and the techniques employed," notes Peyton. In addition to providing him with a wealth of information, "reading about the people who worked on the road, from Albert Gallatin on down, personalized everything."

Gallatin

Swiss-born Albert Gallatin was treasury secretary from 1801 until 1813 in Jefferson's and James Madison's administrations. In 1808, he authored the *Report on the Subject of Public Roads and Canals* in which he presented his vision of a comprehensive national transportation program. Without Gallatin's tenacious support, it's doubtful that the Cumberland Road would have ever been built.

The first hurdle the project faced was the lack of consensus as to whether the newly formed federal government should be in the business of implementing the type of national program of internal improvements envisioned in Gallatin's 1808 Report. It took approximately five years of debate before Congress finally decided to embark upon the venture.

Recognizing that getting Congress to come up with funds might be even more difficult than convincing the legislature to agree to build the road in the first place, the farsighted Gallatin created a "2 percent" fund in 1802. In the legislation granting Ohio statehood, he proposed that 2 percent of all proceeds from the sale of public lands in Ohio be dedicated to building roads

"to and through the state of Ohio." The National Road fit that description nicely.

When Congress finally gave its approval to the Cumberland Road's construction in 1806, there was the 2 percent fund already in place with approximately $16,000 ready to cover construction costs — at least in theory. "As it turns out, the money that came from the sale of public lands was nowhere near enough to fund the road," observes Peyton.

The original commissioners estimated that the cost would be $6,000 per mile, excluding the major bridges. In actuality, the cost for the Cumberland-to-Wheeling stretch averaged $13,000 per mile, putting the total cost for this initial phase in the neighborhood of a staggering $1.7 million.

It was left to the Senate Committee on Internal Improvements to decide where the new highway should be built. When the committee realized that Maryland had no interest in the arduous task of building a road across the mountains, an endeavor made even more difficult by the lack of a natural mountain gap, the Senate Committee recommended the Cumberland-to-Wheeling route.

The proposed road followed Nemacolin's Path, an old game trail used by Native Americans as a foot trail. Named in honor of a Delaware scout, the path led from the Potomac River northwest to what is now Pittsburgh, Pa. The Native American trail had been widened first by George Washington on his way to fight the French and Indian War's opening battle in 1754 at Fort Necessity, near Uniontown, Pa. British General Braddock further improved the trail.

Building the Road

Construction on the first 10 miles west from Cumberland began in the spring of 1811. The duties of the civilian superintendents included letting contracts and insuring that contractors met their obligations. That often proved to be no easy task.

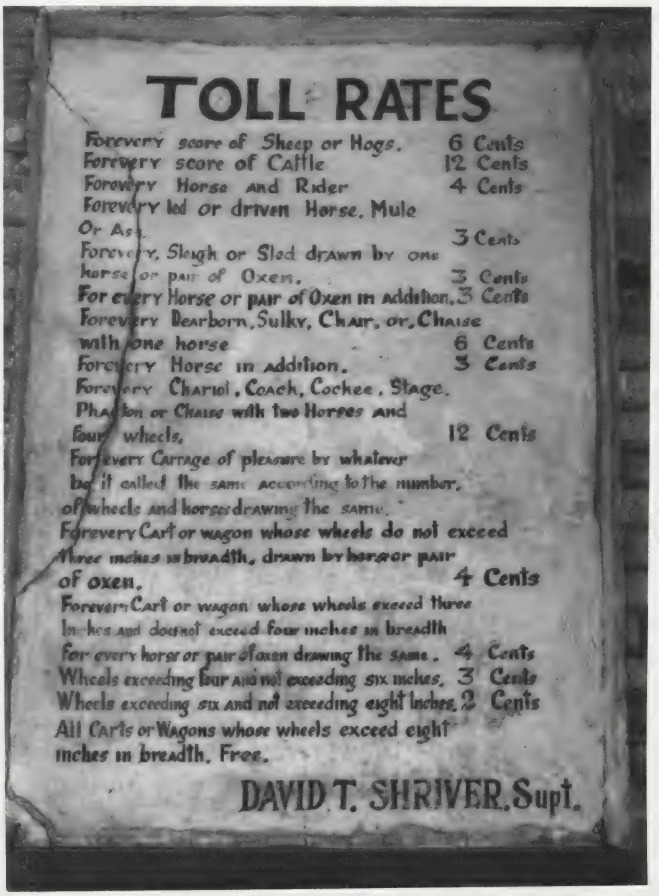
"The contracts were let in sections, and the sections varied in size: a bridge here, maybe a mile of road there," Peyton explains. "So you might have a dozen contractors working at any given time on the road, each with a different level of expertise. Some were honest, and some were not. Some scrimped on materials; others did a fine job. This is all reflected in the letters. You know, often the superintendent would be tearing his hair out because some of the contractors were not following specifications."

IHTIA

Cast-iron mile post on the National Pike.

Building the road involved an enormous amount of labor. English and Irish workers cleared and grubbed what was supposed to be a 66-foot right-of-way, though this was one of the job specifications where contractors were known to cut corners. Peyton quotes a Pennsylvania farmer at the time who described workers "a thousand strong, with their carts, wheel-barrows, picks, shovels, and blasting tools, grading those commons and climbing the mountainside . . ." These legions of laborers left behind a roadbed with a base of large stones a foot deep over which was placed a second, 6-inch layer of stones which stone crushers had broken with hammers, then sized to fit through a 3-inch ring.

The road, however, featured little in the way of cutting-edge technology. In fact, admits one of the Cumberland Road's biggest fans, "Initially, the road was built rather poorly." In the end, he says, this first stretch of the great National Road, the pride of the new country, was little more than a ditch with some gravel thrown in it. "To the defense of the contractors who did the original road, most of these guys had probably never built a road before."


TOLL RATES

Forevery score of Sheep or Hogs. 6 Cents
Forevery score of Cattle 12 Cents
Forevery Horse and Rider 4 Cents
Forevery led or driven Horse, Mule Or Ass. 3 Cents
Forevery Sleigh or Sled drawn by one horse or pair of Oxen. 3 Cents
For every Horse or pair of Oxen in addition. 3 Cents
Forevery Dearborn, Sulky, Chair, or Chaise with one horse 6 Cents
Forevery Horse in addition. 3 Cents
Forevery Chariot, Coach, Cochee, Stage, Phaeton or Chaise with two Horses and four wheels. 12 Cents
For every Carriage of pleasure by whatever be it called the same according to the number of wheels and horses drawing the same.
Forevery Cart or wagon whose wheels do not exceed three inches in breadth, drawn by horse or pair of oxen. 4 Cents
Forevery Cart or wagon whose wheels exceed three inches and does not exceed four inches in breadth
For every horse or pair of oxen drawing the same. 4 Cents
Wheels exceeding four and not exceeding six inches, 3 Cents
Wheels exceeding six and not exceeding eight inches, 2 Cents
All Carts or Wagons whose wheels exceed eight inches in breadth. Free.

DAVID T. SHRIVER, Supt.

IHTIA

The reconstructed toll rates sign on the LaVale tollhouse in Maryland.

Contractors may have been clueless when it came to road construction, but bridges were another matter entirely. There were not many bridges in the backcountry; most of the ones that did exist were simple wooden affairs. The Cumberland Road bridges, in contrast, were stone bridges. "They were incredible, state-of-the-art, spectacular," Peyton asserts. "The bridges and the fact that the road cut through the mountains like it did set the Cumberland Road apart from other roads anywhere in the world at the time."

Setting the arch was the key to building a successful bridge, and numerous building construction projects had given the contractors plenty of experience with creating such arches. First, the builders put a temporary framework in place, then constructed a shell

The IHTIA

Uncovering Appalachia's Industrial Past

Back in 1989, fire nearly destroyed an 1852 vintage covered bridge in Philippi, W.Va., the scene of the Civil War's first land battle. West Virginia Governor Gaston Caperton turned to Emory Kemp of West Virginia University's (WVU) history department in Morgantown for help.

Now full-time director of WVU's Institute for the History of Technology and Industrial Archeology (IHTIA), 64-year-old Kemp had begun his academic career in civil engineering. But he had always had an interest in history. In 1974, he started a program at WVU in the history of science and technology.

Kemp agreed to head up the effort to restore the Philippi covered bridge, a complex two-year project. WVU decided to set up a freestanding institute to handle the task, and the IHTIA was born. Shortly afterwards, an act of Congress established the IHTIA as a national center of information for the history of technology and named the National Park Service (NPS) as its fiscal agent.

From its quarters in the 19th century brick Vance farmhouse near WVU's main campus, the IHTIA produces scholarly studies in the history of technology; assists with preservation of industrial sites and engineering structures; and works on developing and testing techniques in the still evolving field of industrial archeology. Industrial archeology — which appeared on the scene in the early 1970s — investigates, surveys, records, and often helps preserve old industrial sites. Industrial archeologists also place such sites in their historical and social contexts.

Today, the IHTIA, part of the Eberly College of Arts and Sciences, employs 13 full-time staff members and a part-time associate director for education. Reflecting the Institute's multidisciplinary approach, the staff includes historians, architects, landscape architects, engineers, and archivists. In addition, student employees get real-world experience in everything from historical research to fieldwork.

Kemp hopes that the IHTIA's multidisciplinary approach will "provide a new, expanded version of the humanities and form a bridge between the traditional humanities, such as history, on the one hand and science and engineering on the other."

With an annual budget ranging between $750,000 and $1 million, the IHTIA is completely self-supporting. It supplements the $500,000 annual appropriation it receives from the NPS with outside contracts and consulting fees from both public and private clients.

Cast- and wrought-iron bridges, 19th century transportation, and early extractive industries, such as coal, oil, and gas, have emerged as areas of special expertise. For example, the National Road project is part of a larger work-in-progress documenting the transportation corridor along the Potomac River to the Ohio River Valley. This corridor includes the remains of the 19th century Chesapeake & Ohio Canal and the remnants of America's first important railroad, the Baltimore and Ohio. IHTIA staff also did the background historical and archeological work for a coal heritage project being developed in Matewan, W.Va. Matewan hopes to preserve, restore, and interpret the site of the 1920 Battle of Blair Mountain.

Although the IHTIA has worked on projects across the country, most of its work has been in Appalachia. "It just so happens that the majority of significant sites are in this region," says Associate Director Billy Joe Peyton.

Each summer the IHTIA runs a six-week field school open to anyone with a history or engineering background. In addition, researchers can visit the IHTIA's resource center which houses an extensive collection of materials related to the history of technology, industrial archeology, and engineering.

Kemp looks forward to a future that includes the construction of an annex adjacent to the Vance farmhouse, for which a capital campaign is currently under way, and close cooperation with NPS to plan a certificate program in cultural resource management that will be broadcast by television nationally.

IHTIA's immediate future is a bit precarious. IHTIA's base budget is part of the Interior Department's appropriation bill. However, that bill, along with the rest of the U.S. budget, has not yet been passed by Congress. "We're in a real siege mentality," allows Kemp. "We can almost smell our money. We just can't get our hands on it at the moment." Once the President and Congress move beyond their impasse, the IHTIA staff can get back to the business of researching, recording, and preserving America's — and Appalachia's — industrial past.

— Jane Harris Woodside

out of carefully laid stone. Next, they filled the interior with rubble, then finally capped off the structure. The moment of truth arrived when the scaffolding was removed and the builder got to see if the arch held. On at least one occasion, the contractor went out and removed the supports the night before the grand opening ceremonies. The bridge remained standing, and the builder, no longer plagued by visions of a pile of rock where the bridge should have been, undoubtedly rested easier that night.

"The bridges were built to last, and they're still out there," says Peyton. Among the surviving Cumberland Road bridges are the Great Crossings bridge over the Youghiogheny River and the Little Crossings bridge which stretches across Casselman River. At 375 feet, the triple-arched Great Crossings bridge, located in Somerfield, Pa., was the longest stone bridge on the Cumberland Road. This bridge can, at least technically, be counted among the surviving bridges, though today both the bridge and Somerfield are usually submerged under Youghiogheny Lake.

Located a few miles west of Grantsville, Md., Little Crossings was 300 feet long and 50 feet high, the largest single arch stone bridge in the U.S. when it was built between 1813 and 1814. Then, there was

the Wheeling Suspension bridge built by Charles Ellet. Made of wire rope cables suspended between two towers, the 1,008-foot span bridge was an engineering marvel, the world's largest for more than 25 years after it was opened in 1849.

IHTIA

The tollhouse in LaVale, Md., is one of three surviving tollhouses on the original section of the pike.

Mixing and Mingling

The Cumberland Road was not built for heavy use, but heavy use was what it got. At its peak, tens of thousands of people traveled the highway annually. They included wagoners driving Conestoga wagons carrying freight, politicians such as Andrew Jackson and Davy Crockett shuttling to and from Washington, settlers heading West, young men and women from the neighborhood making their way to the dances held in roadside taverns, and stagecoaches hauling passengers and mail.

"For people traveling on the National Road, probably this was the first chance they had to mingle with Americans from other parts of the country and to see both how alike we really were — but then how different we were regionally," observes Peyton. For example, the Cumberland Road passed through Pennsylvania, which was a free state, and through two slave states — Maryland and what was then Virginia — on its way to the Ohio. Travelers who had never seen slavery before witnessed shackled slaves being transported in terrible conditions. Often it was the first time people really saw the issue of slavery up close and personal.

"I think it helped bring together the East, the West, and Appalachia. It helped bring Appalachia into the American fold," says Peyton, who earlier in his career worked as a research historian for projects on Appalachian culture and history for WSWP-TV, a public broadcasting station in Beckley, W.Va. "The common myth is that Appalachia was an isolated backwater. My contention is that Appalachia was really mainstream America because Main Street America ran right through it," says Peyton.

In 1820, Congress authorized the continuation of the National Pike westward, from Wheeling to the Mississippi. But the road fell 50 miles short of its ultimate destination, coming to an end in 1838 in Vandalia, Ill. "There were paths that went to the Mississippi, but they were not improved road," says Peyton. "It would be like driving on an interstate, and suddenly you're on a two-lane road."

Rescuing the Road

By the mid-1820s, the Cumberland Road had gone from being a symbol of national pride to a national disgrace. "Congress appropriated enough money, in bits and pieces, to finish the job, but there was no provision ever made to fund repairs — and a road of this nature needed constant maintenance," Peyton explains. Ultimately, the federal government and the states of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia struck a deal.

In 1825, the secretary of war took over responsibility for the road from the treasury secretary and his civilian superintendents. The Army Corps of Engineers reconstructed the rapidly deteriorating eastern portion according to the newly devised "McAdam plan."

Scotsman John McAdam had devised a cheaper method of road construction which eliminated the base of large stones that had been used in the original Cumberland Road. Instead, he advocated systematically laying down different layers of stones, ranging from 7 inches on the bottom to 3 inches on the surface. A heavy roller was used to compact the various layers together at the time of construction; subsequent road traffic also served to compress the surface. "It was a much more engineered road surface," says Peyton.

After the old pike had been rebuilt, the states took it over and made it a toll road for the first time. Strong iron gates blocked the highway, and handsome stone or brick tollhouses with their distinctive octagonal towers were built roughly every 15 miles. "The toll keepers lived there with their families and made tollhouse cookies," says the historian.

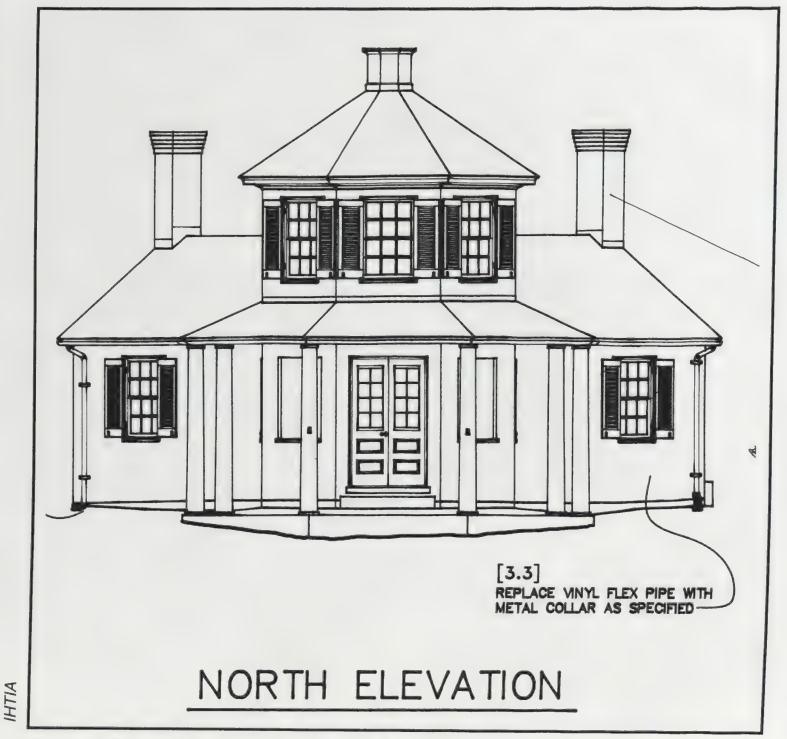
"For people traveling on the National Road, probably this was the first chance they had to mingle with Americans from other parts of the country."

High Tech Detective Work

Finding the old road has been a complicated undertaking, employing methods ranging from the simple and straightforward to the high tech and sophisticated. Project manager Peyton headed a team that fluctuated between three and six persons and included drafting specialists, a landscape architect, a structural engineer, and graduate students. The group first gathered together as much information as possible from sources such as old maps and aerial photographs. For example,

infrared film can detect the telltale vegetation that tends to grow on the old road.

The most valuable aerial photographs proved to be those dating from the late 1930s, a time when federal agencies frequently did flyovers of entire counties. Peyton explains that researchers can take two adjacent photographs, overlap them just right, and then place them into a stereoscopic viewer. A three-dimensional picture of the landscape as it appeared nearly 60 years ago pops out at the viewer. "It's exaggerated — the mountains look huge — but you can really pick out the detail," reports Peyton. Not only has the team been fortunate in having access to these aerial shots of the counties through which the old road ran, but the pictures just happened to be taken at a time when there was a lot of work being done on U.S. 40, which tended to run close to its 19th century predecessor. All that construction equipment made it easy to pick out the old corridor.



The LaVale tollhouse was the first structure to be drawn with the IHTIA's new computer-aided drafting and design system.

Team members also traced the road's route, technically called "the alignment," the old-fashioned way. They got in their cars, drove out into the countryside, and kept their eyes peeled. "After you familiarize yourself with the terrain, you develop an eye," the project manager reports. "In a number of cases, we've found old forgotten bridges and culverts that are still out there on the landscape."

The researchers document all important artifacts by taking large format photographs, marking them on a topographic map, then bringing the location information back to the office where staff enters it all into a Geographic Information System (GIS) program. The GIS program helps produce maps and organize information. For example, if someone wants to know how many bridges over 20 feet long still exist on the road, the computer program is capable of producing a list and then plotting their locations on a map.

With structures, delineators come into play. What exactly is a delineator? "Actually we created that job here at the University," notes Peyton. Delineators go into the field and take very precise measurements of structures such as one of the remaining tollhouses at LaVale, Md. They then come back and sit down at their drawing tables or, more frequently these days, at their computers and prepare measured scale drawings from those field measurements.

The LaVale tollhouse was the first structure that was drawn entirely on the IHTIA's new computer-aided drafting and design (CAD) system. "We input the dimensions and other information, and the computer puts it all together and prints it. Then we can change the drawing any way we want. We can add details, take details out, produce different sizes. All kinds of neat stuff you can do," says Peyton enthusiastically.

Lending a Hand

"It's all a way of managing resources, which is ultimately what we want to do with this project," he explains. All the documentation will be placed in the HAER Collection at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., where it will be available to states with an interest in preserving the corridor and developing heritage tourism sites along the way. While Pennsylvania has already taken the lead, having founded a National Road Heritage Park in 1995, local Pike Day festivals are beginning to appear up and down the 19th century highway.

After all is said and done, has the actual National Road lived up to the "important and powerful" road of Peyton's childhood imagination? "Oh yes — more so, more so," he says.

Now, all that remains to make the experience complete, he muses, is to do a clay rendering of the National Road. N&T

Jane Harris Woodside is editor of Now & Then *and co-editor of an essay collection on vernacular dance,* Communities in Motion.

Arrowhead

The point of development in our land
is to bury the shaft so deeply in the mark
that the head can never be pulled back
without ripping
angry spirits awake.

— John Means

John Means was born in Oak Ridge, Tenn., grew up in southern West Virginia, and teaches English and science at Hagerstown Junior College in Hagerstown, Md. He has published poetry and a book, An Interpretive Guide to Maryland's Catoctin Mountain Parks.

Swapping Stories

Northeast Tennessee sets out to reclaim its own tales.

We hear the stories of the men of history, the famous and the infamous, and we hear them retold countless times. But often overlooked are the stories of the ordinary women of our communities. Without anyone to record them, these women's stories are in danger of fading away. The loss of such stories is particularly ironic in a place like Northeast Tennessee, home to the National Storytelling Association.

In response, the Tennessee Humanities Council funded Hidden Heroines of Northeast Tennessee, a public research project designed to collect and preserve women's stories. According to Pam Sweebe, director of the Jonesborough-Washington County, Tenn., History Museum and project assistant director, the research project focused on everyday women, the "hidden heroines" who have lived throughout Northeast Tennessee.

Dozens of volunteers collected stories throughout an eight-county area, extending southwards from Sullivan and Washington Counties to Greene County. Jean Haskell Speer, director of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at East Tennessee State University (ETSU), provided initial training in oral history interview techniques at two workshops held in Jonesborough early in 1995. The original interview transcripts and other materials collected during the project will be deposited in the Jonesborough-Washington County Museum's archives; the project also will donate copies to the Archives of Appalachia at ETSU.

In addition to providing materials for use by archive patrons, the project commissioned a stage adaptation by Johnson City, Tenn., playwright Jo Carson in an effort to bring the oral histories to an even wider audience. First performed in March at both the Jonesborough Visitors Center and at Milligan College, Milligan, Tenn., *Hidden Heroines of Northeast Tennessee: The First Stories* traveled to schools around the region in celebration of Women's History Month and the state's bicentennial, a tour made possible by Tennessee Arts Commission funds. Further support from Kingsport, Tenn.-based Eastman Chemical Company made possible the development of a curriculum targeted at grades K-12. The classroom materials include background about the project, video and audio tapes of the play, and directions designed so that students can do their own oral history interviews and transform them into stories. Finally, an exhibit at the Jonesborough Visitors Center about the project and featuring excerpts from the oral histories will run from March through October of 1996.

Richard Major, chair of Milligan's theater department, directed a cast made up of Milligan students and community members. Katie Doman, a Johnson City singer/songwriter and Tusculum College, Greeneville, Tenn., faculty member, wrote original songs for the production. When writing the play, Carson wove themes she found running through the interviews — themes such as education, religion, changing gender roles, and folk cures — into the script.

The idea for this effort came to Project Director Linda Poland when she began coordinating "Discover Jonesborough's Times and Tales" in 1991 for the town of Jonesborough's department of tourism and economic development. "Times and Tales" combined street tours and visits to historic private homes with storytelling. Poland was unwilling to confine the tour's historical content to the area's architecture and furniture. "We wanted to talk about the people," she says.

To this end, Poland began collecting stories about the town from its inhabitants. One of the primary sources of information for her, a dentist by the name of Doc Byrd who has since died, introduced her to other members of the Jonesborough community. Byrd vouched for Poland, telling his neighbors, "She won't shame you. Tell her your stories." After that introduction, Poland, a former Floridian, found it easier to get residents to share their fascinating tales.

She soon became concerned, however. "Some of the people we had talked to died, and we realized we were losing a lot of history that wasn't in the history books," Poland says.

The Hidden Heroines project is meant to be more than a means of preserving this history as a collection of dry facts. It is an attempt, especially through its performance component, to flesh out these extraordinary, ordinary women of the past and to help the audience feel a connection with them and with their own histories, both family and personal.

In the end, it is the importance of this connection with a common past, a sense of kinship between the generations, that the performance stresses. "We want parents and children sitting side-by-side experiencing it," Sweebe says. "What we're hoping to encourage is communication. We have families ourselves. This is very important to us personally." N&T

Joel Davis is a journalism major at East Tennessee State University and student assistant with Now & Then. *He is originally from the thriving metropolis of White Pine, Tenn.*

by Joel Davis

Pulling Tricks Out of a Box

A playwright describes the frustrations — and the joys — of performing her magic on other people's stories.

I use direct address in all my work for the theater, not just the oral history plays.

By direct address, I mean when a character violates the traditional theatrical fourth wall and speaks directly to an audience in character but without the pretense of an internal monologue. The actor is for me, in this context, a storyteller; playing the character in scenes is just part of the job description.

Storyteller is a loaded word these days because some folks have made a profession of the recitation of Jack Tales, the Brothers Grimm stories, the Coyote trickster stories, and the like and do performances of these stories under the billing of storyteller. I do not mean to diminish the value of their contribution to the culture — these are often the only glimpse we get of the archetypical underpinnings of who we are. But in the use of the title, *storyteller*, they have narrowed the scope of an honorable and very old idea: namely, that storytelling is a function of being human, not a skill given to a select few. In this older expansion, storytelling is the keeping of the events of our individual lives (along with the assorted appropriate mythic underpinnings). In the telling of stories are the moments when we come to understand our relationship with those mythic underpinnings. I was a coward. I had courage. I touched mystery.

What all this is to say is that I am fascinated and compelled by the old idea of storyteller. I want to be one. And like a cousin once removed, I am equally interested in a character who has stories they want to tell.

I play a lot as a playwright with direct address because I like the honesty of it, and I like how it harks back to the old idea of storyteller. So when I get a project like Hidden Heroines, I hold a reverence for the value of real stories and have no qualms about putting a person on stage who is going to speak directly to his or her audience.

Now, with that said, there is a problem with stories on stage: Too much narrative equals no dramatic tension. If I am making a play from whole cloth, this is a problem I can address much more easily than I can while creating a performance piece from oral histories. Stories can enrich a play made from whole cloth, can add layers of meaning. A character who comes to a scene with a story arrives with intent already established and some history that I can use towards the whole. Not so easy with oral histories.

Kip Lines

The Storyteller (Laura Leigh Davidson, l) tries to get stories about her mother from Mother's Sister (Constance Douglas, r) in the first scene from *Hidden Heroines*.

Writing performance pieces from oral histories is a premium exercise in frustration due to three major problems. First, I am always confined by the material in the oral histories, whether I like it or not. Second, it is all in first person narrative form, and it is the kiss of death onstage to try to tell a story and act it out at the same time. And third, the material almost never builds towards a single story that I can tell from beginning to end, however many voices I choose to employ. I'm lucky if two stories in 500 pages of oral histories have to do with the same event.

So (first and third problems), the selection of stories I use from a set of oral histories has to have — or be given — some way to achieve a story or theme line and dramatic interest as a whole. It helps to think about this stuff in terms of chaos theory and the fractal images produced by chaos. The term *chaos* does not imply

by Jo Carson

Hidden Heroines

by Jo Carson

What follows is an excerpt from Hidden Heroines of Northeast Tennessee: The First Stories, *the play crafted by playwright Jo Carson out of the oral histories collected by volunteers as part of the Hidden Heroines public research project directed by Linda Poland, tour coordinator for Jonesborough, Tenn.'s tourism and economic development department. Pam Sweebe of the Jonesborough-Washington County History Museum is assistant project director.*

This scene is among the first in the production. The storyteller comes out onstage and introduces herself to the audience.

Storyteller: What you are going to hear tonight are real stories, stories from folk's lives, and I'm the person who introduces them, fills in what you need to know, and sort of becomes whoever is needed to help tell the story. It is a chameleon's job tonight, and I like it. But I want to add a story of my own. It is a story about stories.

I was raised in a family that did not value stories. They valued other things, but it is hard to know what. In children, they valued obedience, silence, and the ability to disappear into the woodwork. My father worked a job he hated, and by the time he got home, we all knew how to lay low, say "yes, sir" to whatever was asked of us, clean our supper plates with no complaint at all, make as little noise as possible — some nights you could get in trouble asking for a second helping of something — and stay out of his way as best we could. The major thing I remember about my childhood is how silent it was, except when he blew up, and then, how violent. My mother died when I was sixteen. Sometimes I think she strangled on all the fear and silence.

I got a job after high school, moved out of that house, and put myself through college. I married while I was in college, and my husband's family was very different people. Not near so silent. They valued ideas. They valued learning. They argued at dinner — it was amazing to me: Nobody ended up bloody. And every once in a while somebody — usually a man — could sneak in a personal story, something that had happened to them. And one Thanksgiving — we were at his parents' house — I was in the kitchen working with the women, and we could hear the men in the living room swapping stories. I looked around at the busy women, and I asked my husband's mother, "Do you and your sisters ever tell stories like that?"

Husband's mother: Like what?

Storyteller: Like they are, swapping stories.

Husband's mother: Swapping lies is what they're doing.

Storyteller: They're not . . .

continued on page 18

disorder; it's just that we cannot predict the next event. The oral history material is the chaos, and the individual stories are the fractals. I choose a trunk story from the unpredictable order of the oral history and make branches, like the branches of a tree, with other stories. Or I choose a theme — like work — and come out of the patterns of turbulence with other stories.

With the second problem, the individual stories, I pull out every trick in the box, and some out of the air, to make the individual stories something besides just another first person narrative, however edited and tight it is. The tricks themselves would require a book-length discussion, and the truth is *Hidden Heroines* has more first person narrative than I'd like. What I am getting back to is the direct address I started with: *Hidden Heroines* is almost all direct address.

In working with communities, I almost always have people as performers who live with storytelling (the old sense) and are storytellers/performers of the sort the South grows. But they are performers who don't have much sense of themselves as actors. However, if I can write the work right, most don't need to "act."

The cast is onstage embodying the kind of precept espoused by East German playwright Bertholt Brecht: They are themselves, telling stories that come from other people — sometimes, when I can do it, a person kin to them — and they make, in their choice of attitude and presentation, a comment on the story. I use this, too — it is one of the tricks in the box — and it is an experience with real roots in it when stories have this kind of reality for the players and the audience. The experience would be removed from behind the fourth wall, and I want it as up close and real as possible. N&T

Jo Carson is a writer and performer from Johnson City, Tenn. She has published plays, short stories, books for children, essays, poems, and other works. A new play, Whispering to Horses, *premiers at Seven Stages in Atlanta, Ga., in the 1996-1997 season.*

A longer version of this essay will appear in The Drama Review's *summer 1996 issue.*

Husband's mother: Not one of them has ever been known to slow down for facts.

Storyteller: But they are talking about themselves, things that happened to them. Do you and your sisters . . . ?

Husband's mother: Sweetie, my life is work, work, and more work. What's to tell in that?

Storyteller: And in that moment, I realized I knew almost nothing about what had happened to my mother in her life before I came along. I knew where she was born, I knew what her favorite novels were because she reread them in the perpetual silence of our house, I knew that she was a staunch Republican because my father was and she didn't dare vote differently, and I knew how to set and serve a dinner. Serve from the left, remove from the right, and don't stack the dirty plates as you carry them to the kitchen after the meal is over. Stacking dishes makes too much noise. But the events that made up my mother's life? I had no idea.

I went home from that Thanksgiving and called up my mother's sister. They were not close. I had never even met the woman, except at my mother's funeral — that's when I first learned she had a living sister, and I had to remind her who I was.

Mother's sister: What do you think I can do for you now?

Storyteller: I'd really like to know about my mother growing up.

Mother's sister: It was work, work, and more work. Nothing to tell in that.

Storyteller: What was your life like?

Mother's sister: We lived on a farm that grew more rocks than anything else. It was during the Depression — we were hungry and cold during the winter, hot and tired for the summer, and your mother married to get out of it. But she jumped from the frying pan into the fire. I'm afraid I never liked your father much.

Earl Palmer

Women's work: taking dominecker hens to swap for clothing at a trading post in Southeastern Kentucky. (Pippa Passes, 1940)

Storyteller: I always thought of it as ice — I thought of home as the ice house.

Mother's sister: All right. Ice.

(A silence.)

Storyteller: Could we just talk? I mean, I don't know you at all, and I'd like to come . . . I have a daughter and . . . Why did I never know you growing up?

Mother's sister: Your father forbade your mother to see me, and she did what he said.

Storyteller: Oh . . .

Mother's sister: You didn't know that?

Storyteller: No. I didn't.

Mother's sister: Is your father still alive?

Storyteller: I don't talk to him much. I'd really like to hear . . . I need the stories! How do I know who I am if I don't know who I came from?

Mother's sister: There's nothing to tell.

Storyteller: There is!

Mother's sister: I don't know what you are looking for, but you can visit if you really think looking at me will help.

Storyteller: So I went. My mother came by some of her ice well before she married my father.

Mother's sister: There is nothing to tell.

Storyteller: Maybe she married him because she already knew so much about ice, and he was familiar.

Mother's sister: Nothing but work. Work, hard work, and more work. N&T

Aunt Esther

Jim Minick

Two distant relations try to conjure up an equally distant past.

"Who are you?" Aunt Esther asks. Glancing at me and then off toward the barn, my grandmother's sister peers out through her screen door while I stand on her porch.

"Jim. Jim Minick." I speak a little louder than I should but want to be sure she hears me over the country radio station.

"Oh," she contemplates. Then, excitedly, "Jim Minick. Is Don or Glenn your father?" She opens the door and pulls me into the kitchen as I tell her it's Glenn.

Squeezing my hand, Aunt Esther studies my face. After a moment, she nods her head and says that she sees Sarah, my grandmother, in my "eyes and cheeks." I see a small woman, flustered with joy at my unexpected visit. She keeps scratching her head and repeating, "Oh my, oh my. Glenn's son. Yes. Yes," asking more questions and finally leading me into her living room where we talk about where I live now and about her health, which is poor.

When I pulled up, Aunt Esther had been sitting at the door, drinking her morning coffee. My grandma's youngest sister, Esther has the drooping Shuman cheeks and sharp brown eyes. But unlike Grandma, who made it to the barn and to church until her death, Aunt Esther confines herself to this huge farmhouse, the Shuman homeplace. She hasn't gone to church for several years. Cancer eats her inside out. Already her breasts have become fatalities, and she doesn't think the rest of her body is far behind. "It hurts inside from my stomach all the way to my head. Some mornings, I just don't want to get up."

I sympathize, ask about her trips to Hershey, Pennsylvania, for treatments and try to think of other questions, other more uplifting topics. "So, what was it like around here when you were a child?"

She reflects, tells me stories I've never heard. On the ten acres of potatoes their family planted, Aunt Esther remembers picking beetles off the plants and dropping them into a mason jar of gasoline. She remembers the neighbors helping harvest the crop, and she remembers bending over to find spuds the size of two fists, spuds that filled sacks emptied into crates and stored in the cavern-like root cellar under the house. One year, they harvested so many potatoes that they had to store them on the barn floor, where half of them froze before her daddy could peddle them all in town.

She remembers their orchard, mostly apple trees that lined out behind the barn all the way to the Greenawalt border, apples that, after they had grown ten years and were beginning to bear, her parents discovered they didn't like.

She remembers going to the mountain with Sarah, my grandma, with Sarah's young husband, Arthur, and his father, Adam Brice Minick, all of them with buckets ready to fill with huckleberries. She remembers eating box lunches high on the ridge, listening to Uncle Brice sing so pretty, and tiring while the others kept picking. When they stopped for the day, she had to keep up with the men as they carried four full buckets, carefully so as not to lose any berries, down the mountain to the horse and wagon. She remembers the men shouting to each other about how good the huckleberry pie would taste, and she remembers later that night how sweet it was.

These memories give her energy. She takes me on a tour of this place that my great-grandparents built, this place that has "Shuman 1890" painted on its eaves, this place that once teemed with animals and chil-

Courtesy of Jim Minick

Aunt Esther with her brother and four sisters in a 1976 photograph taken at the 55th wedding anniversary of eldest sister Carrie and Wilmer Hensel (seated). Standing (from l to r) are Sarah Minick, Pauline Swartz, Mark Shuman, Esther Franklin, and Hazel Hensel.

dren. With Sylvester, her gray cat, under our feet, we walk past her irises and gladioli to the barn. She shows me where her parents, and then she and her husband, had milked their cows. The huge blocks and beams contain only a few steer calves and her grandson's pet goat that keeps butting us. The cats and swallows still raise their young here, but there are no more Holsteins, with bony hips, full udders, and mooing calves.

The granary and silo both stand hollow, and the chicken-less chicken house has a foundation tilting dangerously toward the ground. The other outbuildings — the hog pen, sheds, and old kitchen — are painted and still sturdy, but most are empty and declining with disuse. Behind the barn, she points to the stretch of land where the orchard once stood, explains that the last apple tree blew down several years ago. The orchard and meadow are all pasture now.

Back at the house, I ask Aunt Esther if I can see the root cellar where they stored their potatoes. Before I have a chance to help her, she heaves open the heavy, horizontal door, showing me steep steps to

I see a small woman, flustered with joy at my unexpected visit.

darkness underneath. She goes into the kitchen to turn on the light, and I start down.

Immediately, cool musty air envelopes me, and my eyes have to adjust to the dark. A bare bulb hanging at the entrance illuminates stone walls, earth floor, and emptiness. Plumbing and wiring hang from the ceiling, and a few water tanks sit in a corner. In another corner, old potato crates, once stacked, crumble with dry rot.

I try to imagine 200 bushels of potatoes — stacked, stored, and waiting to be sold, bushels of onions, apples, and pumpkins stored for winter. On empty shelves, I try to see the rows of jars, the red of tomatoes, green of pickles and beans, orange of peaches. I try to fill up this empty space with signs of people ready for winter, ready to live.

But I can't. In the end, all I have is the emptiness of voice in dead space.

"See anything?" Aunt Esther hollers from the top of the stairs.

"No, just some empty crates."

I climb up the stairs and close the door. N&T

Jim Minick teaches at Radford University and directs the Appalachian Teachers' Network. His other interests include farming and finding stories about people and places he loves.

This essay first appeared in Vol. 2, No. 1 (1993) of ALCA-Lines, *the journal of the Assembly on Literature and Culture in Appalachia.*

Pulled Down

We came from Pickett – land down under the mountain.
We left our houses empty and shuttered with light.
For three days to the brickyards at Robbins,
another to the new shaft above Glenmary,
our wagons swung like the windy fields we left.
The wages we came for we called *public works.*
And some men were lucky, worked near the entrance, the good air,
some in the mill that razed unblemished timber,
but others each day in the shaft rooms
broke and sent out the coal that sealed them in.
A man who brought bad news came home, bathed twice,
saying *I can't go as I am.* Women
bent among their staked vines in gardens;
our Mason's emblem praised the strong right arm.
And we had peacocks in our yards for something pretty
and the foreman's daughter in her pretty fat.
When our companies left, we pulled down company houses
and made other houses from them, which have fallen,
and The Hundreds, and the tipple, and coke ovens,
so many names to tell you for gone things.
The Hiwassi Land Company has planted it all in pine
and sprayed the oaks so they died standing
and stand, a peeled monumental white
unlike our land: green stroke that hooks, pulls down.

Lisa Coffman

Lisa Coffman is the winner of the 1995 Wick Poetry Prize from Kent State University. Her first collection of poetry, Likely, *is forthcoming from Kent State University Press this fall.*

ETSU

News CASS

Spring/Summer1996

Newsletter of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services • East Tennessee State University

Archives & Special Collections
A Division of Sherrod Library

CARROLL REECE MUSEUM

INSIDE:

Travel Grants Awarded, p. 2

Alumni Society Formed, p. 4

Mystery Photo Revealed, p. 12

ETSU HOSTS APPALACHIAN-SCOTTISH SUMMER PROGRAM

The Appalachian-Scottish Studies Program (ASSP) will be offering its summer course on the ETSU campus in 1996. Though snow has been nearly to the hem of our kilts this winter, the summer bulletins are out, and it's time to think about registering for summer classes. The format has been changed for the 1996 ASSP summer course, in that it is now a three-week summer workshop instead of the five-week course of the past.

There will be just as much Appalachian, Scottish, and Irish material included, but more concentrated. We hope this new format will allow more students from outside the immediate area to join us, as well as more students and faculty from Scotland and Ireland. The dates for the 1996 Appalachian-Scottish Studies Program Summer Workshop are from **July 9 through July 31.**

The summer course is being kept fresh for those who have taken it before and would like to experience it again, as well as for those who are experiencing it for the first time. Included are new lectures and lecturers and new events. Tentatively scheduled are lectures dealing with the languages of Scotland (including the Scotch-Irish dialect and the ancient Gaelic language), religion in Scotland, Scottish and Appalachian ballads and storytelling, tartan lore, whiskey lore, Celtic lore and its connection to Appalachia, finding

continued on page 11

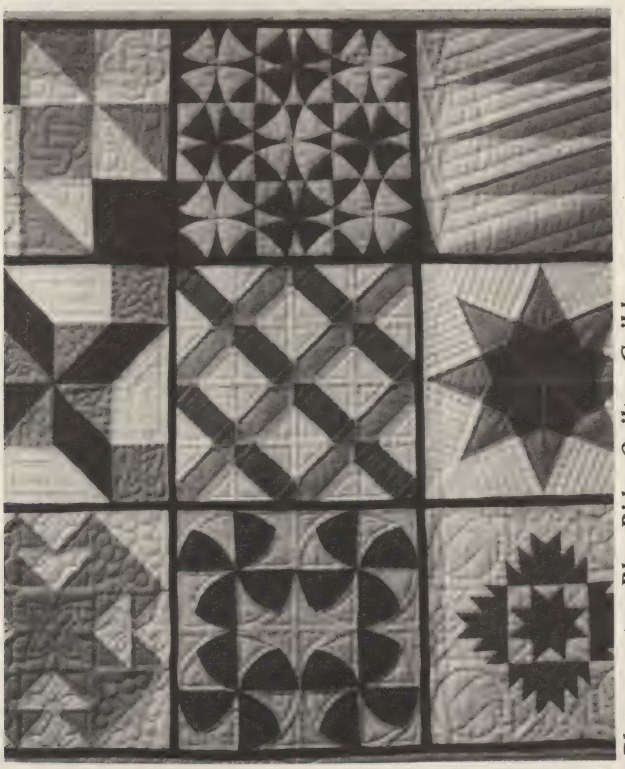


Photo courtesy Blue Ridge Quilters Guild

Reece Museum

EXHIBIT SAMPLES TENNESSEE QUILTS

The art of quilting evolved over the centuries, beginning in the Orient and traveling west with the return of the knights of the Crusades. The tradition of quilting in America can be traced to the early 18th century, brought here by the European settlers.

Quilting and other forms of handicrafts began to diminish as cheap machine-made wares became more readily available. Many of these arts lingered in the Appalachian region, including quilting, to later evolve into a highly personal folk art form.

The **Blue Ridge Quilter's Guild** demonstrates the traditions of this art form in their celebration of the Tennessee Bicentennial exhibit "The State of the Quilt." This "Tennessee" quilt display will be at the Reece beginning

continued on page 2

The center hosted a planning meeting in December in Roanoke, Va., for the ***Encyclopedia of Appalachia*** project. Among those attending, pictured from left to right, were Rudy Abramson, encyclopedia co-editor; Gordon McKinney, director, Appalachian Center, Berea College; Tyler Blethen, director, Mountain Heritage Center, Western Carolina University; Grace Toney Edwards, director, Appalachian Regional Studies Center, Radford University; John Alexander Williams, director, Appalachian Center, Appalachian State University; and Nancy Fischman, center assistant editor. With other colleagues and center staff, the group discussed issues of audience, purpose, topic selection, format, and fund-raising. ◆

Quilts, continued from page 1

June 13, and continuing through August 4, 1996. Included in the exhibit are quilts made using "The Road to Tennessee" as a theme, "Tennessee Samplers," as well as traditional Tennessee quilts and antique quilts made in Tennessee. ◆

NewsCASS, the joint newsletter of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, Archives and Special Collections, and the B. Carroll Reece Museum, East Tennessee State University, is published three times a year. Center and Reece Museum members receive *NewsCASS* as part of the benefits of membership.

CENTER STAFF
Shari Brown, Grants Coordinator
Nancy Fischman, Asst. Editor, *Now & Then*
Penelope Lane, Technical Clerk
Charles Moore, Coordinator
Frieda Souder, Secretary
Dr. Jean Haskell Speer, Director
Tim Stafford, Research Associate
Jane Harris Woodside, Asst. Director & Editor, *Now & Then*

ARCHIVES STAFF
Georgia Greer, Secretary
Ned Irwin, Public Services Archivist
Norma Myers, Director
Ed Speer, Library Assistant
Marie Tedesco, Technical Services Archivist

MUSEUM STAFF
Margaret S. Carr, Asst. Director/Registrar
Nancy Jane Earnest, Slide Curator
Lisa Erwin, Secretary
Harold F. Stewart, Sr., Installation Supervisor
Blair H. White, Asst. Director/Curator

TRAVEL GRANTS AWARDED

The center has awarded four travel grants for the spring semester. Each of the grant awards was $250 to support study of Appalachian topics. The following persons received funding:

Dr. Susan M. Grover, Dept. of Family/Community Nursing, ETSU, to present a paper, "Paradigm Shifts in Nursing Education: Collaboration and Community Partnerships," at the Middle East Nursing conference in Jordan. The presentation will focus primarily on the Appalachian community partnerships that have been developed in Rogersville and Mountain City, Tenn., through the Kellogg program. The paper will discuss how the partnerships were developed and the extent to which the communities are involved in the educational program. Her presentation will allow nurses from a variety of international arenas to view this partnership in the Appalachian region.

Stevan Jackson, Appalachian-Scottish Studies, ETSU, to present a paper, "The Irish Harp as an Ethnonationalistic Symbol," at the Seventh Annual Southern Regional American Conference for Irish Studies at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. His paper chronicles the use of a musical instrument as a symbol in delineating the ethnicity of the Irish people. This is related to Appalachia through characterizaton of another instrument that, to some, not only personifies Appalachian culture but actually bears its name, the Appalachian dulcimer. His paper shows one of the many parallels that can be drawn between the people of Appalachia and their historical predecessors.

Eloise Jurgens, Dept. of Educational Leadership and Policy Analysis, ETSU, to continue her research of settlement schools in southern Appalachia as part of her doctoral research. She will be traveling to three settlement schools in Kentucky (Hindman Settlement School, Pine Mountain Settlement School, and Crossnore School) to review their archives. Her dissertation will address the concept of integrating community services with education in settlement schools and the school's ability to adapt to changing needs of

continued on page 3

ARCHIVES

PROJECTS IMPROVE ACCESS, SEEK SUPPORT

Center memberships support the work of the Archives of Appalachia. Yet, there are many interesting ideas and initiatives in need of additional support. The membership issue of *NewsCASS* provides a good opportunity to let our readers know of some of the ways we would like to enhance the resources and services available to our patrons.

Audio and video recordings compose a significant portion of the Archives of Appalachia, both in terms of size and research value. A recent revision and major expansion of the guide to audio-visual collections was noted in the last issue of *NewsCASS* (Winter 1996). In addition to projects like this which increase accessibility, there is also a need to preserve and protect the recordings better for future use. Whether it is listening to Ray Hicks tell a tale, the high lonesome sound of Ralph Stanley, or rare Leadbelly recordings, the researcher has much to value in the archives' holdings.

Archives head **Norma Myers** has been working closely with **Shari Brown**, the center's grants coordinator, in developing a major grant proposal to provide for the conservation and preservation of the division's several thousand recordings.

In addition to the grant, the archives is also working on developing an audio-visual laboratory. "The recordings are in many different formats, reel-to-reel audio and video, cassette recordings, acetate disks, you name it," Myers said, "This requires our maintaining many different types of players and recorders in order to allow researchers to use the recordings. We need equipment to keep up with the changing technology, to store recordings, and to make loan copies. Some of the equipment we have now. Other items will need to be purchased."

Ultimately, Myers indicated, all the equipment will be brought together in one space where it can be used on various projects by all the center's divisions. Phil Leonard, program director of ETSU's radio station, WETS-FM, has been acting as a consultant on the development of the lab.

To make photographs more available, plans are under way to purchase a scanner (software has already been acquired) which will allow for the digitizing of photographic images and the production of prints, so that rare originals will not have to be sent out to photo labs for reproduction requests, as is now the case.

Funds donated to the archives endowment will assist with the purchase of valuable manuscript collections and other materials. Currently, the archives has few monies available for such purchases. Funding for these initiatives must come from the private sector and through grants, Myers noted. The **ETSU Foundation/Archives of Appalachia Fund** and the **Thomas Daniel Fund** help fund archives' projects, and both are in need of support through donations. Those interested in supporting the archives should contact Norma Myers at (423)929-6991. ◆

Archives and Special Collections

Members are invited to make donations of materials having historical and cultural significance for Southern Appalachia and its people, as well as financial contributions to the Archives of Appalachia Fund and to the Tom Daniels Memorial Fund (for archives media projects). For further information, phone (423) 929-4338 or write Archives and Special Collections, at the address below.

❑ Archives of Appalachia Fund Amount _____
❑ Tom Daniels Memorial Fund Amount _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/ZIP _____

Please make checks payable to the specific fund named and mail to Archives and Special Collections, ETSU Box 70665, Johnson City, TN 37614-0665.

REECE MUSEUM

ANNUAL ART SHOW SET

The Reece Museum is again host site for the annual **First Tennessee Bank Art Competition and Show**. Celebrating 18 years of recognition of excellence in the visual arts, the competition has grown yearly in quality and in the number of works submitted for possible selection. Past participants have praised the show as being the best of the region, and look forward to the competition and exhibit with the gala opening reception and awards ceremony. Mark your calendar to attend the opening reception on Thursday, May 2, beginning at 6 p.m.

The competition is open to artists residing in Tennessee and those living within a 200-mile radius of Johnson City. Selections for this year's exhibit will be made by Stephen Wicks, curator of the Knoxville Museum of Art. In addition to selecting for exhibit, Wicks will offer a public lecture, "Reflections on Contemporary Art," to be given at the Johnson City Public Library, Sunday, April 28, at 2 p.m. The exhibit will continue at the Reece through Sunday, June 2, 1996. ◆

Travel grants, continued from page 2

their communities.

Dr. Margaret Ripley Wolfe, Dept. of History, ETSU, to present a paper, "Sending and Receiving: In's and Out's of Migration and Mobility in Appalachian America," at the Australian-New Zealand American Studies Conference in Christchurch, New Zealand. Her paper draws on case studies conducted by Dr. Wolfe and interprets Appalachian migration and mobility within a global context.

The deadline for the next Travel Grant funding cycle is August 15, 1996. Please contact the center for grant applications. ◆

GOVERNOR'S SCHOOL

SUMMER HERITAGE PROGRAM ESTABLISHES ALUMNI GROUP

Governor's School for Tennessee Heritage recently started an alumni organization with a biannual newsletter. We hope to keep in touch with former students to learn what they have done since completing the program. Many students form life-long friendships while at Governor's School. Four Governor's scholars are classmates at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, two former students share an apartment while studying at Tennessee Tech, and several are currently enrolled in the honors program here at ETSU. One alum wrote that, in the four years since his Governor's School experience, he has received letters every month from his classmates and that he "found [his] month-long stay at ETSU invaluable in both academic and social experiences."

Many Governor's scholars become very active in student life at various universities where they enroll. Several of them work with student leadership programs or as student ambassadors. One young woman, responding to our recent survey, said Governor's School helped her "regain her work ethic." These students are not only academically oriented but, as our residential counselors will attest, they can be a very energetic crowd. One of our 1993 graduates played in tennis tournaments across the United States and in the U.S. Paddle Association's World Cup competition in Mendoza, Argentina. Several students are involved in track and field competitions, and there are always a few golf players and gifted musicians with us each summer.

Contact with the Governor's Scholars Alumni has shown the program to have all the benefits we hoped it would. The students make lasting friendships and gain valuable social and educational skills. The program staff invites suggestions for community projects or research topics in which the student groups could become involved. If you know of historic homes in the region that would provide an interesting addition to the preservation curriculum, archaeological sites that need professional excavation, or if you would enjoy working with the students as a residential counselor, we would like to hear from you. Also welcomed are financial or in-kind contributions. The program provides students with all textbooks and supplies necessary to complete their research, in addition to providing entrance fees to the many regional historic sites that we visit. ◆

CENTER ADVISORY COUNCIL MEETS

Members of the center's advisory council met in December to review current and planned projects and to discuss strategic planning, fund-raising, and promotion. Pictured at the session are, left to right: Frieda Souder, Carol Transou, Lucy Gump, Charles Moore, Richard Blaustein, Jack Tottle, and Liesa Jo Jenkins. Kathleen Curtis Wilson, Asheville, N. C., a textile historian, was named chair of the council. ◆

ARCHIVES

HOMEPAGE RECEIVES ATTENTION, COMPLIMENTS

While only up on the "web" a short time, the archives homepage available on the Internet is receiving a lot of attention and some much-appreciated compliments.

Since becoming publicly accessible, inquiries and comments have been received from around the country, from such diverse places as California, Mississippi, Colorado, Louisiana, and Arizona.

The following e-mail from **Leslie Parsley** of Denver, Colo., serves as an example of some of the comments so far received:

"Dear Ms Myers --

Just visited the Archives of Appalachia's web site. What a fantastic project -- well organized (infinitely so) and refreshingly informative. Obviously many hours of thought, labor and talent have gone into this. If ever an Academy Award for the best web pages is bestowed, you and your gifted colleagues should win top honors.

And the next time I'm back in my home state, I'll make a point of visiting this collection in person. In the meantime, I will have to be satisfied with an occasional peek at your web site, but thank God it's there, and here -- or everywhere!"

The homepage provides general information about the department, detailed collection descriptions for various Appalachian topics, and eventually will include complete collection finding aids and other resources. Useful information for the visitor to the Johnson City area is also available.

Those wishing to log on to the homepage may do so by typing the following: **http://www.east-tenn-st.edu/~sfs1:archapp**

BLUEGRASS ROUNDUP:

The ETSU bluegrass and country music program continues to flourish … and more and more people are beginning to take notice. In a 1995 book, *Bluegrass, An Informal Guide,* author Richard D. Smith notes that **Alison Krauss and Union Station** has included three graduates of the Bluegrass and Country Music program (Barry Bales, Adam Steffey, and former member Tim Stafford). He speculates that "the bluegrass program at East Tennessee State University . . . may soon be to bluegrass what the University of Southern California is to the cinema."

Some of the latest developments include:

● Registration for bluegrass/country music program courses for the spring 1996 semester reached an all-time high.

Photo courtesy of Jack Tottle

***left to right,* John Hartford, Benny Sims, and Curly Seckler entertain at 1995 benefit concert for Sims scholarship.**

In addition, two new courses have recently been offered for the first time: **Music Theory for Acoustic Players** made its debut in spring 1995, while spring 1996 saw the introduction of **Bluegrass Vocal Harmony.**

● This past year has seen a high level of participation of ETSU alumni and faculty members on nationally distributed CDs and videos issued by leading bluegrass and country labels. In 1991, ETSU bluegrass and country musicians could count three credits on such albums; in 1995, that number rose to 46.

● **Blue Highway**, the new bluegrass band organized by ETSU alumnus **Tim Stafford**, continues to attract attention. Bluegrass and country music program director **Jack Tottle** wrote a cover story on the band for the March 1996 issue of *Bluegrass Unlimited*, and the group was featured on two recent segments of Nashville Network's *TNN Country News*. Its debut album, *It's a Long, Long Road*, continues to hold down the number 1 slot on the *Bluegrass Unlimited National Bluegrass Survey*; the title track, a Tottle composition, is the number one individual song on the same survey. Both listings are based on nationwide radio airplay. Currently, **Blue Highway** is putting the finishing touches on its second album for Rebel Records, *Wind in the West.*

● Alumnus **Kenny Chesney's** second album, *Fall In Love*, has produced two songs, "Fall in Love," and "All I Need to Know," which have reached number five on Billboard's Country Music Charts. A third song, "Grandpa Told Me So," is rising fast.

● A new Alison Krauss and Union Station album is in the works. "The new album will be more like *Every Time You Say Goodbye,*" says ETSU alumnus Barry Bales. "There will be some straight-ahead bluegrass. There will also be songs by new writers who haven't been represented before on our albums."

Finally, we note with sadness the passing of **Benny Sims**, a bluegrass pioneer and a close friend of the ETSU Bluegrass and Country Music program. Sims performed and/or recorded with such legendary artists as Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs, Jim and Jesse McReynolds, and the Stanley Brothers.

Sims was honored at a concert last fall sponsored by the Birthplace of Country Music Alliance at the Paramount Center in Bristol, Tenn. This very special evening featured such bluegrass legends as Ralph Stanley, Mac Wiseman, Curley Seckler, John Hartford, and Jim and Jesse McReynolds. Sims himself played and reminisced onstage with his long-time musical colleagues. Proceeds went to found the **Benny Sims Bluegrass/Country Music Scholarship Fund** at ETSU.

While he is no longer with us in person, Sims' warmth, good humor, his creativity and musical skill will continue to inspire all who knew him and loved his music. ◆

Appalachian Studies

"Minor" Program Proves Major Academic Success

The Appalachian Studies curricular minor program, begun in 1992, is about to congratulate one of its most enthusiastic graduates. **Nancy Maine**, a former homemaker who returned to school after her children were grown, will graduate with a history major and Appalachian Studies minor. Maine describes herself as a "typical coal miner's daughter" from Wise Co., Va. She may be typical of the Appalachian women she has studied, women who are often portrayed as being weak and passive but who really are strong-willed, like Gertie Nevels in *The Dollmaker.* Maine has been very supportive of the program, suggesting new regional studies titles to the bookstore, and encouraging others to enroll in the program. She plans to pursue graduate work in history and will probably continue to do research on Appalachian women.

Joe Poore, another student in the Appalachian Studies minor program, has taken his studies in a different vein. Poore's interest in traditional music has led him to study *American Folk Music* and the *Country Music* classes in the

continued on page 11

1995-96 CENTER MEMBERSHIP LISTING

Corporate

Birthplace of Country Music Alliance
Classic Flooring Distributors
Federal Express Corp.
First Bank And Trust Financial Service
JCWCA Chamber of Commerce
Tennessee Valley Authority

Patron

Dr. and Mrs. Frank H. Anderson
Mr. William D. Bowman
Ms. Eva Carter
Ms. Ruth Y. Combs
Mrs. John P. Fuller
Mr. Emory Johnson
Mr. James H. Garland
Gatlinburg Scottish Festival and Games
Judge John D. Goodin
Ms. Margaret Stewart Gough
Mr. Fred McClellan
Mrs. Paul L. Overbay
Mr. Kevin Schrader
Scottish Society of Knoxville
Dr. Jack E. Snider
Dr. Jean H. Speer
Unicoi County Middle School
Ms. Carole Williams
White Advertising
Dr. Charles P. Wofford

Partner

St. Andrews Society of East Tennessee
Ms. Anndrena Belcher
Appalachian Oil Co., Inc.
Mr. Samuel R. Armstrong, Sr.
Baker, Donelson, Bearman & Caldwell
Mr. Michael G. Barker
Bristol Area Chamber of Commerce
Bristol Broadcasting Co., Inc.
Bristol Herald Courier
Mr. James D. Davis
Ms. Nancy S. Fischman
Mrs. Lucy Gump
Mr. Steve Jones
Mr. John L. Lebert
McDonald's, Leon Leblanc
Dr. and Mrs. Rudolph P. Miller, Jr.
Morrell Music Company, Curtis Ray Morrell
Ms. Mary E. Munsey
Dr. John M. Ostheimer
Mr. James H. Price
Mr. C. Keith Rice
Dr. Charles L. Votaw
Mr. John H. Wright

Associate

Ms. Colleen Anderson
Avery Mitchell & Yancey Reg. Library
Berea College
Ms. Carol A. Blevins
Ms. Lida Jean Bollar
Dr. Thomas G. Burton
Mr. Michael W. Cornett
Ms. Joan C. Dickenson
Mrs. Katherine H. Doman
Ms. Wilma Dunaway
Mr. John Ehle
Ms. Beulah M. Ferguson
Friends of Johnson City Public Library
Dr. John Furcolow
J T Parker Broadcasting Corp.
Kappa Delta Pi
Mr. Burrell Ketchersid
Lenowisco Planning Dist. Comm.
Martin Marietta Corp. Foundation
Ms. Phoebe McClister
Monday Club Auxiliary
Mr. Charles F. Moore
Mr. William W. Richardson
Mr. James P. Senter
Mr. Glen Simpson
Mr. John W. Tottle III
University Of Tennessee
Dr. Michael L. Woodruff

Contributor

Dr. William R. Bagby
Mr. John C. Baker Jr.
Mr. Terry J. Baker
Dr. William P. Bailey Jr.
Ms. Myrna W. Barker
Mr. Mike Barnes
Mr. Robert E. Baxley
Mr. E. M. Beck
Dr. M. W. Bennett
Mr. Raymond A. Bond
Mr. Woodward S. Bousquet
Ms. Martha D. Bowman
Mr. Van R. Brantley
Mr. Jay B. Brewer Sr.
Dr. William A. Bridgforth Jr.
Mr. Sidney M. Bright
Dr. Delno W. Brown
Dr. Cynthia S. Burnley
Mr. James P. Burns
Mr. C. R. Bynum
Mr. Judge T. Calton
Carson Newman College
Mr. Frank Carmack
Mr. Donald A. Carufel-Wert
Mr. Norman Cochrane
Mr. Jonathan Colley
Dr. Philip S. Coogan
Mrs. Mable E. Cross
Mr. Alva B. Cushman
Mr. R. E. Davis
Mr. Danny L. Dixon
Dr. Linda Dyer Doran
Dr. Jim Dykes
Ms. Rosalie Earle
Mr. Philip H. Edgerton
Mr. Allen Ellis
Mr. Paul Epstein
Mr. James D. Estepp
Dr. Raymond H. Feierabend Jr.
Ms. Bernice Fischman
Ms. Joan B. Fisher
Mr. Hugh J. Floyd
Ms. Violet M. Fox
Mr. David W. Freeman
Georgetown College
Ms. Suzanne D. Gordon
Dr. Herschel Gower
Mr. David Grause
Mr. Cecil Greene
Ms. Kathryn L. Greenspan
Ms. Pauletta Hansel
Mr. Jonathan H. Harden
Mr. Wilburn Hayden Jr.
Dr. Roberta L. Herrin
Mr. William H. Hartsock
Ms. Martha T. Hauff
Ms. Judy Herndon
Mrs. Katherine H. Honour
Ms. Lee S. Hyde
Dr. John C. Inscoe
JC Booksellers Inc.
Mr. Mark C. Jenkins
Dr. Joe Jenney
Ms. Rachel A. Jennings
Ms. Patricia A. Jessee
Dr. Roy S. Jones
Ms. Jean Kilgore
Ms. Esther D. Killebrew
Knox County Public Library
John F. Lawson Surgical Group
Mr. David L. Ledford
Ms. Beverly Haskell Lee
Mr. David W. Leonard
Mr. Robert H. Leonard
Ms. Asa D. Lewis
Ms. Kate R. Long
Ms. Shirley A. Lumpkin
Ms. Betty J. Lykins
Mr. Allan R. Maki
Mr. Julian Martin
Ms. Maryanne Mathews
Mr. Sean McCollough
Ms. Elizabeth M. McCommon
Ms. Alta Lee Meade
Mr. Danny L. Miller
Dr. Samuel Miller
Mr. Ralph Monday
Morehead State University
Mr. K. G. Norton
Mr. Paul H. O'Drain
Mr. Paul W. Phelps
Mr. John R. Palisano
Mr. Mark Payne
Mr. Richard D. Phillips
Mr. Joel W. Pratt
Dr. Priscilla W. Ramsey
Mr. Russell T. Rawlings
Mr. Eugene W. Rowe
Mr. Gayle E. Russell
Mr. Robert A. Russell
Mr. Carl Rutherford
Ms. Theresa R. Schumacher
Ms. Rosalee J. Seymour
Mr. Gary Shockley
Ms. Joan Boyd Short
Mr. Mike Shuler
Mr. Craig A. Smith
Mr. and Mrs. Ken Souder
Mr. Jessie V. Sowards
Mrs. Grace Spurrell
Mr. Stacy L. Street
Mr. James A. Taylor
Mr. and Mrs. John R. Terry
Mr. Rob Tiger
Ms. Taris W. Tipton
Ms. Carol Transou
Union Prescription Shop
(Mr. Jim Anderson)

University of Kentucky
Mr. Nelson Vogelsohn
Mr. Laurentius S. Vreeburg
Dr. Melinda B. Wagner
Mr. Keith R. Webb
Mr. Boone L. White
Ms. Betty C. Wilke
Mr. Bobby F. Williams
Ms. Wilhelmina C. Williams
Mr. Ralph R. Willingham
Ms. Elise Witt
Dr. Jack R. Woodside Jr.
Mr. John Zimet

Institutional Affiliates

Alderson-Broaddus College
Allied Arts Fund
Amerc 1 Yr +
Appalachian Communications Fund
Appalachian Regional Commission Library
Appalachian State University-Library
Big Stone Gap Memorial Library
Birmingham Public Library
Bluefield St. College
Boling Springs Junior High School
Bristol Public Library
Buchanan Co. Public Library
Burke County Library
Cabell County Public Library
Christ School
Cincinnati Public Library
City Of Elizabethton
Clarksburg Public Library
Clinch Valley College
Clintwood Library
Concord College
Ms. Ruth K. Cooper (Warren Wilson College Library)
Council High School
Country Music Foundation
Diocese of Knoxville
Emmanuel School Of Religion
Mr. Carrington W. Ewell (William E. King Regional Arts Center)
Glenville State College
Great Smoky Mountain Natural Hist. Assn.
Haysi Public Library
Haywood County
Hindman Settlement School Inc.
Hunter Library (Western Carolina Univ.)
Indiana University
Johnson City Public Library
Jonesborough History Museum
Jubilee Community Arts
Jubilee Project Inc
Kanawha County Public Library
E. W. King Library (King College)
Lees-McRae College
Library of Michigan
Lonesome Pine Regional Library
Mr. David Madden (Civil War Center/LSU)
Marshall University-Library
Mars Hill College
Maryville College
Maryville High School
Merner-Pfieffer Tennessee Wesleyan College
Milligan College
Morehead State
National Geographic Society
National Park Service, Blue Ridge Parkway
New York Public Library
Northeast State Tech. Community College
Oakdale School
Ohio State University Library
Ohio University
Pack Memorial Library
Perkins Library (Duke University)
Portsmouth Public Library
Potomac State College
Prestonburg Community College
Radford University
Belle Reynolds School
Russell County School Board
Scott County Public Library
Sinclair Community College
Southeast Community College
State Historical Society Of Wisconsin
State Of North Carolina, Department of Cultural Resources
State of West Virginia, Division of Culture & History
Sullivan County Library
University of N. C., Asheville-Library
University of N. C., Chapel Hill-Library
Virginia Polytechnic Institute & State University
Wake Forest University
Washington & Lee University
West Virginia 4-H Club Foundation, Inc.
West Virginia University Library
Western Carolina University
Western Kentucky University-Library
Wheeling Jesuit College-Library
Whitesburg Volunteer Service Unit
Wise County School Board
Women's Crisis Center of Northern Kentucky

Friends

Ms. Anna M. Allred
Mr. Robert S. Ambler
Ms. Suzan B. Andrina
Ms. Billie Arnold
Ms. Gena Asher
Mr. Thomas J. Bacon
Mr. Larry W. Bailey
Mr. Jack B. Bales
Mr. Randy Ball
Mr. Garry Barker
Ms. Kathy M. Barnes
Ms. Anita Barton
Ms. Nancy C. Beals
Mrs. Helen Still Beeson
Ms. Julia M. Belcher
Ms. Mary B. Bingman
Mr. Michael B. Blakeney
Ms. Susan Blalock
Ms. Mary H. Bogart
Mr. David E. Booker
Mr. David Boone
Pat D. Brady
Mr. Harold Branam
Mr. Sherry B. Brashear
Ms. Judy W. Breckenridge
Dr. Wes C. Brown
Mr. Ramond Burgin
Dr. Gary L. Burkett
Mr. E. T. Buxton
Mr. James C. Byrd
Ms. Lana S. Carter
Mr. Ellis E. Caudle Jr.
Mr. Robert L. Chaille
Ms. Pat Chapman
Mr. Dale B. Chesney
Mr. James A. Clark
Ms. Lynn S. Clarke
Mr. George R. Cole
Mr. Frank Congo
Ms. Christie G. Cook
Ms. Crystal A. Cook
Ms. Ellen F. Copenhaver
Ms. Martha A. Copp
Mr. John C. Corbitt
Mr. J. D. Corcoran
Mr. Ricky L. Cox
Dr. Brent Coyle
Ms. Keitha S. Cross
Mr. Dan W. Crowe
Ms. Lois H. Crum
Mr. B. R. Culbertson
Mr. Don R. Cunningham
Ms. Peggy E. Davis
Ms. Mary L. DeBerry
Mr. Daryl L. Denton
Ms. Joy E. Dickerson
Ms. Leaza Dierwechter
Mr. William L. Dotson, Jr.
Dr. Richard B. Drake
Mr. David C. Duke
Mr. M. S. Dunham III
Mrs. Eleanor H. Dunn
Mr. Michael A. Durbin
Mr. Glaister A. Elmer
Mr. Paul A. Evans
Dr. George A. Finchum
Dr.. Elizabeth C. Fine
Dr. John R. Finger
Dr. Steve Fisher
Mr. Toney J. Frazier
Colonial Heights Library
Mr. William E. Frye, Jr.
Ms. Loranne Grace
Ms. Connie J. Green
Mr. Robert F. Griffith
Ms. C. Sue Grizzell
Mr. Lee F. Hallberg
Mr. Joseph O. Hambrick
Ms. Laurie C. Handshu
Hard Pressed Books
Mr. Tony S. Hardin
Mr. Glen H. Harlow
Ms. Annette S. Harmon
Ms. Gwendolyn A. Harris
Mr. John D. Hassler
Ms. Marian G. Heard
Ms. Garnett L. Hearl
Dr. Janet P. Henley
Mr. Daniel D. Hill
Ms. Virginia L. Hilton
Hiram College
Mr. Howard B. Hodge, Jr.
Mr. Chris Holbrook
Mr. J. E. Hood
Mr. Erwin B. Howard
Ms. Billie C. Huling
Hutch Mountain Enterprises
Mr. Shawn J. Hydorn
Ms. Ruth Itkin
Ms. Carol B. Johnson
Dr. Dan M. Johnson
Ms. Sanfra A. Johnson
Ms. Sylvia J. Johnson

Ms. Jennifer S. Johnston
Dr. Charles B. Jones
Mr. David M. Jones
Mr. Gwynne H. Jones, Jr.
Mr. Ralph D. Jones
Mr. Wesley Jones
Jonesborough Bed and Breakfast
Mr. Kirk Judd
Ms. Edna Judson
Ms. Rema E. Keen
Mr. George W. Kelley, Jr.
Mr. Mike Kelley
Ms. Ruth C. Kelly
Mr. Thomas J. Kessler
Miss Edith Elizabeth Keys
Ms. Mary P. King
Dr. Richard W. Kopp
Mr. James F. Laise
Ms. Helen B. Lane
Mr. John D. Lang
Ms. Mary L. Lanier
Mr. J. F. Lee
Ms. Kathryn A. Lee
Mr. Tommy D. Lee
Ms. Christi C. Leftwich
Ms. Anne Leibig
Mr. John Lentes
Dr. James V. Lewis
Mr. Charles L. Lieble
Mr. William E. Lightfoot
Ms. Sharon D. Long
Mr. John W. Lounsbury
Ms. Kathie J. Love
Ms. Debbie Love-Farley
Mr. Eugene P. Maddox, Jr.
Magnolia Hill Press
Ms. Nell M. Maiden
Ms. Kathy L. May
Mr. William R. Mayes, Jr.
Mr. Bill McCarthy
Mr. Ernest R. McConnell
Dr. Eileen McErlain
Mr. Glenn L. McKee
Mr. John McKernan
Mr. Add T. McMillan
Ms. Pam Meade
Mr. Mark Mendez
Marshall University
Michael Maloney & Associates
Mr. Jim W. Miller
Mr. Richard P. Miller
Ms. Donna F. Moffitt
Ms. Helen O. Moncrief
Ms. Mary C. Monroe
Mr. Charles W. Montford
Mr. Rex L. Montgomery and Shari Brown
Mr. Stephen D. Mooney
Honorable Carl R. Moore
Mr. James H. Moore
Mr. Jon T. Moore
Ms. Mary J. Moore
Colonel William E. Moore
Mr. Robert R. Morgan
Ms. Deborah S. Morrell
Ms. Judith B. Morse
Ms. Christine Murdock
Ms. Jeri S. Meyers
Dr. Louis E. Nelson
Mr. Stephen Nies
Ms. Jane A. Noah
Mrs. Carol B. Norris
Ms. Caroline P. Norris
Mr. Phillip J. Obermiller
Mr. Michael O'Brien
Mr. Gary L. O'Dell
Mr. Kevin O'Donnell
Mr. Robert Oermann
Mr. W. F. Ohnesorge
Mr. Francis L. Olson
Mr. Dale S. Orfield
Ms. Genevia N. Orfield
Mr. John M. Owston
Dr. F. Milton Parker
Mr. Timothy S. Parker
Mr. John W. Peirce
Ms. Tami Penley
Ms. Nancy R. Perrin
Mr. James P. Perry
Mr. Sam C. Peters
Mr. George Pickow
Mr. Daniel V. Pleska
Mr. Ron Powell
Ms. Myra H. Preston
Mr. James N. Preveaux
Mrs. Rosalea Proffitt
Mr. Tracy L. Proffitt
Mr. W. S. Rankin
Mrs. Mona H. Raridon
Mr. Boyd S. Ray
Ms. Janet L. Reed
Mr. John S. Reed, Jr.
Mr. Anthony W. Reevy
Gary And Susan Reid
Mr. Utah Rice
Mr. Larry K. Richman
Mr. Anthony Robinson
Mr. John Rosenberg
Ms. Carolyn C. Ryburn
Mr. Larry Salyers
Mr. Paul Scarbrough
Ms. Penelope S. Schott
Mr. Michael Scott
Ms. O. Jean Seal
Mr. Steve Seay
Mr. Michael Seeger
Ms. Mary C. Senter
Mr. Larry E. Shelton
Mr. Raymond Shirley, Sr.
Ms. Anna Smucker
Mrs. Jamie Smyth
Southern Neighborhoods Network
Southern Progress (Diane Young)
Mr. Ben F. Spradlin, Jr.
Mrs. Joyce E. Squibb
Ms. Beth Ann Sparks
Mr. Paul M. Staggs
Ms. Jane B. Stephenson
Ms. Bernice A. Stevens
Mr. Harold Stewart
Ms. Mary Stewart
Ms. Wilma Dykeman Stokely
Ms. Sandra Strickler
Mr. Ed Stroupe
Mr. Walt C. Studabaker
Mr. Kenneth M. Taylor
Mr. Tom Teachout
Mr. Terry W. Tipton
Dr. Brunhilde Tober Meyer
Mr. David Y. Todd
Ms. Gertrude B. Toncray
Ms. Cathryn M. Tranbarger
Mr. Edwin L. Treadway, Jr.
Ms. Dolores J. Trent
Dr. Ivan M. Tribe
Ms. Suzanne W. Tumblin
Ms. Patricia Twilla
Ms. Mildred S. Umberger
Unicoi County Historical Society
Dr. James E. Vaught
Mr. Mark D. Vess
Mr. Carl Walker
Mr. Delmer H. Wallen
Mr. Tony R. Warner
Mr. James W. Webb
Ms. Bobbie Wells
Ms. Marcie L. Wilds
Ms. Jo Ann Williams
Mr. Todd M. Williams
Mr. J. W. Williamson
Dr. Jim L. Wilson
Ms. Kathleen C. Wilson
Mr. John C. Wolf III
Mr. David E. Wolfe
Mrs. Kay Helton Wood
Mr. Lawrence T. Wood
Mr. Wm Paul Worley
Ms. Marianne Worthington
Mr. C. Keith Young
Ms. Pamela Zahorik
Mr. John T. Zanone
Mr. Peter H. Zars

Student

Ms. Rosemary Bowery
Ms. Virginia Carney
Mr. Ian T. Carr
Mr. Billy E. Cline
Ms. Debbie S. Deloach
Ms. Alta W. Demetris
Mr. Benjamin A. Dugger
Mr. Daniel R. Farmer
Mr. Neil Fisher
Mr. James L. Foster
Mr. Nolan Fowler
Mr. Daniel R. Frazier
Ms. Mary Rodd Furbee
Ms. Zelena K. Harmon
Mr. John F. Helms
Ms. Melanie Hutsell
Ms. Kathryn C. Jones
Ms. Marylou Kalmar
Ms. Susan Lawson
Ms. Nancy K. Maine
Ms. Ruth A. Mancebo
Ms. Laura Maynard
Dr. Patrick C. McKenry
Middle Tennessee State University
Ms. Carolyn B. Miller
Ms. Patricia Miller
Mrs. H. L. Netherland
Mr. Charles S. Olson
Ms. Susan Pellegrino

continued on p. 11

Please note that, while every effort was made to develop an accurate membership listing, mistakes are inevitable, particularly as this is the center's first attempt. To anyone who has a membership and has been omitted from this list, please contact us and accept our apologies.

Membership in the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services

MEMBERSHIP GIVES YOU NOW & THEN AND MUCH MORE

Our members make the center's work in the Appalachian region possible. No matter what size the investment, a contribution to the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services through membership brings important returns. Your benefits of membership are:

- Members receive three issues of the center's magazine, ***Now & Then***, to keep you abreast of Appalachian issues and the best in Appalachian writing and photography.
- Members receive the center's newsletter, ***NewsCASS***, three times a year. Members are publicly acknowledged in the newsletter once each year.
- Members receive special member rates and discounts on books, recordings, and other publications or productions, study tours, study abroad, conferences, and programs.

In addition, your membership provides the center with these benefits:

- Memberships help us conduct the center's multiple programs and projects in teaching, research, and service in the Appalachian region.
- Members have opportunities for participating in center projects as volunteers.

Center Membership/*Now & Then*

❑ **CASS Student Associates** (for undergraduate and graduate students)	**$10**	
❑ **CASS Friends**	**$15**	
❑ **CASS Institutional Affiliate** (libraries, etc.) ___ Payment enclosed ____ Please bill	**$20**	
❑ **CASS Contributors**	**$25**	
❑ **CASS Associates**	**$50**	
❑ **CASS Partners**	**$100**	
❑ **CASS Patrons**	**$250**	or more
❑ **CASS Corporate Partners**	**$500**	or more

Donations in excess of $15 may be tax deductible.

Friends of the center are also encouraged to support specific programs with special funds already established for them.

YES! I'd like to make an additional contribution of $_____ to:

- ❑ Appalachian Studies Curriculum
- ❑ Appalachian-Scottish Studies Program
- ❑ Country and Bluegrass Music Program

Other ways to contribute to the center:
Scholarships • Fellowships • Memorials & Honor Gifts • Gift Memberships • In-kind and Special Gifts • Employee Matching Gifts • Bequests by Will • Retirement Plans and IRAs • Gifts of Stocks • Gifts of Archival Value, Art, Historical Artifacts

Thank you for your support. Make checks payable to ETSU/CASS and send to CASS, ETSU Box 70556, Johnson City, TN 37614-0556.

Please fill out the information below:	**Please send a gift membership to:**
Name _____	**Name** _____
Address _____	**Address** _____
City/State/ZIP _____	**City/State/ZIP** _____
❑ **New** ❑ **Renewal**	**Gift card should read:** _____

Friends of Reece Museum

MEMBERSHIP

SUSTAINING
Ms. Elizabeth Cushman

PATRON
Mrs. Mack P. Boyer
Dr. & Mrs. H.W. Coover
Mr. Tim Dills
Mr. & Mrs. J. Herbert Hayes, Jr.
Dr. & Mrs. Tom McGinnis
Dr. J. Shelton Reed
Mr. & Mrs. Robert M. Rowan

SUPPORTING
Dr. & Mrs. Richard S. Carter
Ms. Janet S. Fisher
Mr. & Mrs. James Frierson
Dr. & Mrs. James A. Granger
Mr. & Mrs. William M. Hensley
Ms. Donna E. Lichty
Ms. Mary Martin
Dr. & Mrs. William F. McCormick
Ms. Kathleen Mitchell
Mr. & Mrs. Marvin Overman
Dr. Robert Peplies
Ms. Anne Thurston Brading
Ms. Pamela D. Ripley
Dr. Anne Sherrill
Mr. & Mrs. Donald W. Spurrell
Ms. Mildred C. Stanton
Dr. & Mrs. John M. Taylor, III
Ms. Gwendolyn Wallace
Dr. & Mrs. Charles P. Wofford

FAMILY
Dr. & Mrs. Henry Antkiewicz
Mr. & Mrs. William F. Baker
Dr. & Mrs. William P. Bailey, Jr.
Mrs. William C. Barson
Dr. & Mrs. David Benner
Dr. & Mrs. Fred P. Borchuck
Mr. & Mrs. Andrew H. Brown
Mr. & Mrs. Paul Coleman
Dr. & Mrs. D. P. Culp
Mr. & Mrs. Harvey A. Dean
Mr. & Mrs. Frank W. DeFriece, Jr.
Dr. & Mrs. A.D. Doak
Dr. & Mrs. Burgin E. Dossett, Jr.
Mr. & Mrs. George N. Dove
Drs. Glaister & Evelyn Elmer
Dr. & Mrs. William J. Fisher
Mr. & Mrs. Harry L. Gasteiger
Mr. & Mrs. Sandy Greenwell, Jr.
Ms. Patsy Spivey Hauk
Mr. & Mrs. T. A. Honour
Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Johnson
Mr. & Mrs. Joseph D. Keith
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Lyon
Dr. & Mrs. Richard A. Manahan
Ms. Harriet Masters
Ms. Ada H. McLeod
Mr. & Mrs. Carl R. Moore
Dr. and Mrs. F. Milton Parker
Mr. & Mrs. Leslie F. Pepin
Mr. & Mrs. Howard E. Phillips
Dr. & Mrs. Thomas P. Potter, Jr.
Ms. Myra H. Preston
Dr. & Mrs. Eugene P. Price
Dr. & Mrs. Raymond D. Saunders
Dr. & Mrs. G.K. Scholl
Dr. & Mrs. Howell H. Sherrod
Mr. & Mrs. Glenn Spanabel
Ms. Joyce E. Squibb
Mr. & Mrs. Matthew Tucker
Dr. & Mrs. Clayton Vandiver
Mr. & Mrs. William Vicars
Mr. & Mrs. F.L. Wallace, Jr.
Dr. & Mrs. George Alex Williams, II
Sam Wine Family

INDIVIDUAL
Ms. Ann J. Bachman
Mrs. Frank L. Bogart
Ms. Lavinia Bowers
Ms. Jacquelyn A. Chimene
Mrs. Ruth Y. Combs
Ms. Joan C. Dressel
Ms. Eleanor Eason
Ms. Rosemary Edens
Mrs. Grace Eller
Ms. June B. Elliott
Mrs. MacKinnon Ellis
Dr. Deborah Fowler
Dr. Sylvia Gaylor
Mrs. Robert E. Gee, Jr.
Ms. Kathryn M. Herd
Dr. J. Kenneth Herd
Ms. Barbara A. Hoskins
Mr. Ralph D. Jones
Ms. Edith Keys
Ms. Jeanette F. Looney
Ms. Kay Mayfield
Dr. Sue McCoy
Mrs. Kenneth J. McGowan
Ms. Trillis Hampton McKee
Mrs. Margaret K. Norris
Ms. Noel M. O'Dell
Ms. Jean L. Owen
Ms. Janice A. Ownby
Dr. Willene Paxton
Ms. Jean H. Powell
Ms. Mary R. Powell
Mrs. W.G. Preas
Ms. Ruth M. Rawls
Mrs. Raymond Roach
Miss Vera Ruth Rule
Ms. Sarah D. Thomas
Ms. Dora Elizabeth Wilhoit
Mr. J. Steven Wyandt
Ms. Laura Jane Yantz

STUDENT
Mr. Mark Astrachan
Mr. Jason N. Berry
Mr. Bruce Burer
Ms. Leisel K. Farrow
Ms. Martha Garretson
Ms. Nicole Hunt
Ms. Sylvia Kashdan
Mr. Matthew McCulloch
Mr. Michael Phillips
Ms. Frances Smith Reed
Ms. Caroline A. Smith
Mr. John Lawrence Smith
Ms. Mara F. Sparks
Ms. Tiffany Stewart
Mr. Michael Welch
Mr. Daniel Whisenhunt

VOLUNTEERS
Susan Antkiewicz, Johnson City
Adam Barry, Johnson City
Jeremiah Barry, Johnson City
Rosemary Barson, Johnson City
Georgia Blanchard, Kingsport
Ben Byers, Telford
Martha Culp, Johnson City
Elizabeth Cushman, Watauga
Tim Dills, Johnson City
Betty Gehre, Johnson City
John D. Goodin, Johnson City
Katherine Honour, Johnson City
Tammy Hopkins, Campus
Mag Jones, Johnson City
Edith Keys, Johnson City
Carsie H. Lodter, Johnson City
David Logan, Elizabethton
Joy McGinnis, Johnson City
Charles E. Moore, Johnson City
Mary Powell, Johnson City
Grace Spurrell, Johnson City
Daniel Whisenhunt, Johnson City
Rhonda Wilson, Johnson City

STUDENT ASSISTANTS
Bonnie Boochard, reception
Tannille King, reception
Melanie Knox, registration
Mike Robison, workshop
Stephen Smith, reception
Daniel Whisenhunt, registration

FRIENDS OF REECE MUSEUM

FORM

FORM extends thanks to Judge John D. Goodin for his generous support of the 1995 holiday reception.

CENTER MEMBERSHIP, continued from p. 8

Mr. Chester L. Petty
Mr. David M. Pickens
Mr. Fred A. Pierce III
Mr. Joseph C. Poore
Mr. Chris Roberts
Mr. Nicholas V. Rubin
Ms. Shirley M. Smith
Ms. Susan M. Stanley
Mr. Kevin Stewart
Kelly B. Wilson
Mr. Kenneth C. Wolensky
Mr. Philip R. Young ◆

Appalachian Studies, continued from page 5

minor. He is also developing his skill as a banjo player through the Bluegrass Music program which forms part of the minor. Poore's interest in Appalachian culture includes a study of the railway mail service. The mail service ran from post offices in Bristol, Virginia/Tennessee to Galax, Virginia, and throughout the mountain region. When passenger train service from Washington to Memphis was discontinued, the railway mail service and the "iron men in wooden cars" who ran the service moved on to other work.

The literature, history, music, economic development and environmental history of the Appalachian region comprise a rich and varied field of study. Anyone with an interest in the region is encouraged to join the growing number of students in the Appalachian Studies program. For more information, contact the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at 423-929-5348. ◆

Friends of the Reece Museum (FORM)

supports the mission of the Reece Museum through monetary contributions as well as through the volunteer services of its members. FORM funds acquisitions for museum collections, improvements to facilities, public receptions and lectures, and art scholarships. FORM volunteers assist in museum education programs.

FORM members receive Museum and CASS publications, a membership card, discounts on FORM-sponsored events, and preferred seating at FORM-sponsored lectures and public forums.

❑ FORM Student	$5.00
❑ FORM Individual	$15
❑ FORM Family	$25
❑ FORM Supporting	$50
❑ FORM Patron	$100
❑ FORM Sustaining	$250
❑ FORM Benefactor	$500 or more

(including private benefactors, business, and industrial patrons)

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/ZIP _____

Please make checks payable to FORM and mail to Reece Museum, ETSU Box 70660, Johnson City, TN 37614-0660.

Now & Then

Theme Deadline Set

Just a reminder about upcoming themes and deadlines for *Now & Then*:

In the fall of 1996, the center will publish an issue on **Religion in Appalachia**. This issue will examine all the various ways religion has shaped Appalachia, and Appalachia has shaped religion. We are looking for thoughtful articles and interviews about religion. Please remember that as a public institution, we cannot publish tracts attempting to convert others. The deadline for this issue will be **July 1, 1996**.

The theme for the winter 1997 issue will provide a definite change of pace: **Humor in Appalachia**. For this issue, of course, we will be looking for humorous pieces and also for pieces that take a serious look at humor. The deadline is **November 1, 1996**.

As always, the magazine is looking for fiction, poetry, essays, interviews, nonfiction articles, cartoons, and photography about Appalachian life. For more information or to obtain writers' guidelines, write *Now & Then*, CASS/ETSU, Box 70556, Johnson City TN 37614-0556. ◆

Summer program, continued from page 1

your roots in Scotland and Ireland, Robert Burns, and the Irish aspect of the Scotch-Irish connection.

Some of the lecturers who are currently scheduled for this year's workshop include **Dr. Thomas Burton**, professor emeritus of ETSU and founder of ASSP, **Dr. Michael Montgomery**, noted linguistic scholar from the University of South Carolina, **Flora MacDonald Gammon**, storyteller and singer of Scottish lore, **Donnie Shedlarz**, storyteller and researcher of Scottish roots, **Charles Moore**, from the center, among several as yet unconfirmed scholars of Appalachian, Scottish, and Irish culture. **Gary West**, a scholar and bagpiper from Scotland, will be joining us for lectures and at least one master class in piping that will be aimed at the plethora of pipers who populate our region.

Field trips play an important part in the course and will include the trek up Grandfather Mountain for the largest Scottish Highland games in the world. There will be a musical trip to the Carters Fold in Hiltons, Va., the Carter Family homeplace; a day trip to the Museum of Appalachia at Norris, Tenn.; and an overnight field trip to the Appalachian Heritage Folk Park in Staunton, Va. One of the highlights of the ASSP summer workshop will be a July 27 evening musical and storytelling performance celebrating the cultural heritage of Appalachia, Scotland, and Ireland.

The ASSP summer program may be taken for undergraduate or graduate credit of three or six hours. It may also be audited for non-traditional students who simply desire enrichment. For more information, please contact Stevan Jackson at (423)929-5348. ◆

ETSU News CASS

Newsletter of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services / East Tennessee State University

Archives & Special Collections
A Division of Sherrod Library

CARROLL REECE MUSEUM

Center: 423-929-5348 FAX: 423-929-6340
Archives: 423-929-4338 Box 70665
Reece Museum: 423-929-4392 Box 70660

East Tennessee State University is a Tennessee Board of Regents institution.
East Tennessee State University is fully in accord with the belief that educational and employment opportunities should be available to all eligible persons without regard to age, sex, color, race, religion, national origin or disability. Printed by Inove Graphics, Kingsport, TN.
TBR 220-053-95 2.5M

Photograph Identified

We Have A Winner(s)!

It wasn't a contest and there was no prize, but we had some winners in the request to identify the city pictured in the unidentified archive photograph shown in the Winter 1996 *NewsCASS.* The city pictured was **Erwin, Tennessee**, county seat of Unicoi County.

Archives and Special Collections and the center office received several letters and telephone calls which correctly identified the photo. The unexpected response may cause us to do something similar in the future. Thanks to all those who took the time to respond. Your interest in the archives and in *NewsCASS* is most welcome. ◆

ETSU CENTER FOR Appalachian STUDIES AND SERVICES

Center for Appalachian Studies and Services
East Tennessee State University
Box 70556
Johnson City TN 37614-0556

Forward and Address Correction Requested

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. Postage Paid
Permit No. 194
Johnson City, Tenn.
37601

'Night, John-Boy

Do communities win or lose when Big Business comes to town?

Watt Childress

The hill-and-valley republic of Appalachia may be the last rural remnant of small-town America. In its heyday, the region was freckled with country hamlets, homeplaces for mom-and-pop merchants who probably interacted with their customers a little like Ike and Cora-Beth Godsey — the couple who owned and operated the store on the television series *The Waltons*. Nestled in the area's abundant woodlands, creeks, and pastures, these hamlets were centers of trade for local communities. Farm families traveled to such trade centers by way of country roads, and there they would buy or barter for the goods they didn't grow or make for themselves. Commerce was located close to production, close to the land.

During the decades following the War Between the States, some of the larger local hamlets got railroads and manufacturing industries. Many native families began to divide their work between farm and factory. People without any ties to local farmland moved into the area, and over time, these folks, too, came to identify with places like Elizabethton, Greeneville, Johnson City, Kingsport, Newport, and the other small towns strung like hard river pearls throughout East Tennessee. Such is the basic framework for Appalachia's native culture and economy. It upholds a way of life that, while maybe slow and simple by modern standards, has been sustainable for more than a hundred years.

My roots dig down at least seven generations deep in this region, but I didn't grow up with enough consciousness of Appalachian ways to get nostalgic about them. We lived more like the Jetsons than the Waltons: shuttling up and down the four-lane highways and interstates, jettisoning our paper wages at mammoth shopping centers that could have been located anywhere. Helping my mom and dad fill up the shopping cart, I watched Ike's and Cora-Beth's modern counterparts stock shelves and register price codes with the servile deportment of robots. Occasionally, though I don't have any distinct memory of it, I suppose these anonymous job holders gave me professional smiles.

I grew up with the old native ways on the wane. I rarely gave much thought to this until recently — when I realized how these ways are about to pass away. The potential death of this region's indigenous culture and economy has made me look at my roots in a more focused light. And upon closer examination, I've discovered that where I come from has everything to do with where I stand: here, living on this farm that's been cultivated by my folks since the turn of the century. The community ideals that are so abstractly preached by today's politicos, values such as a strong faith, solid family values, hospitality, and thrift — are fundamentally nurtured here in this Greene County soil that is so central to my family's existence.

In the end, one way or another, we tend to let the big wheel turn over our rural inheritance in exchange for a quick jig with Mammon in the discount city.

Thinking About the Waltons

When my maternal great-grandparents first moved onto this particular patch of land in the early 1900s, about half of all the people employed in America were connected with the earth through their everyday work. Many lived on family farms similar to this one. And lots of folks who didn't labor directly on the land were engaged in neighborly trade with farmers who were both suppliers and friends. In Appalachia, maybe we've been able to sustain the traditions of land-based trade a little longer than has been done in other parts of the country. Perhaps we've held on to some of the working bonds and sense of community that naturally arise from a small-town way of life.

But now this life is about gone here, too. The shifts in our regional commerce mirror that of a national economy in which agriculture plays a bit part to the star growth sectors of retail, service, and government. Those sectors taken together now control more than 60 percent of the domestic job market, while the U.S. Census Bureau no longer even counts Americans who live on farms because that number is so minuscule.

So I've been thinking about the Waltons lately — no, not just Grandpa Walton's arcadian mountain clan, that collection of kin (more homey even than ex-presidential hopeful Lamar Alexander) so popular on television during my upbringing. But I've also had my mind on Sam Walton's retail corporation that today is one of America's largest employers. I'm concerned about the huge cultural and economic differences that are

represented by these two camps.

One broadcasts a modern-day record (however exaggerated and stereotyped) of Appalachia's heritage: an image wrought from the traditional themes of local self-reliance and family-run agrarian industry. The other leads the corporate charge to secure our modern dependence upon national chain consumerism — a brand of business that relies not upon the sustained trade of homegrown resources, but upon federal, state, and local government subsidies, on slick politics and quick real estate deals.

Cutting Deals

In March of 1995, local government officials approved the location of a Wal-Mart regional distribution center near my home outside Greeneville, Tenn., in one of Appalachia's most agriculturally productive counties. The vestiges of another farm community will now be buried beneath concrete so that stockpiles of merchandise — including many farm products that could be grown here — will be cheaply imported and trucked to Wal-Mart's supercenters within a radius of approximately 250 miles. In one swift vote, the rural western part of the county was offered up to serve as another giant corporate link in the consumer chain. The pickup truck, traditional vehicle of small-town trade, was swapped whole hog for more 18-wheelers — hundreds more injected into the flow of local traffic each day.

Kaye Farmer, The Greeneville Sun

Tennessee Gov. Don Sundquist, standing at the head of the table, addresses the joint caucus of the Greene County Commission prior to the commission's scheduled meeting. Standing to Gov. Sundquist's left is Tom Ferguson, president of the Greene County Partnership.

This is, of course, just one of the many deals cut between national corporations and this region's local governments. I believe it epitomizes modern development for the Southern mountains. There were six months of confidential negotiations among Wal-Mart representatives, local business leaders, and government officials before the big announcement. Industrial recruiters worked especially hard the week prior to the Greene County decision, conducting private sessions with individual county commissioners so as to circumvent the state's open meeting law. Then Tennessee's governor paid a quick visit to the commission's late March meeting while en route from Nashville, Tenn., to Washington, D.C. He promised loads of state and federal money in the form of grants, all designed to ensure the welfare of the proposed trucking mecca.

Wal-Mart wasn't explicitly on the meeting agenda. According to *The Greeneville Sun*, County Executive Alan Broyles made a veiled reference to the matter, stating that there would be an important announcement at the March 20 meeting about a company interested in making a major investment in the county. Held Monday morning, when most local citizens were at work, the meeting drew a standing-room-only audience. In a front-page photo run in *The Greeneville Sun* showing attendees of the public caucus immediately preceding the meeting, it seems clear to me at least that the room was packed full of government officials and Wal-Mart promoters. The commissioners chose to suspend the regular rules and voted on an inducement agreement: a package of eight resolutions that included, among other things, the provision of road access and telephone, natural gas, electric, sewer, and water services to the proposed site. They also approved the waiver of the first $8 million of county real estate taxes.

If this decision had been deliberated in a more open fashion, with time allotted for more input from local citizens, then I'm sure the discussion would have been mixed. During those discussions, surely reservations would have been voiced regarding the effects of Wal-Mart's mass merchandising on our small-town life. Such concerns have been expressed in other rural areas of the country.

Following the vote, one county commissioner told me that he, too, was worried about how this kind of development bolsters the competitive advantage that non-agricultural interests have over local farmers. "One o' these days," he declared with characteristic Greene County wit, "we're gonna walk into a McDonald's, and they're gonna sell us a concrete hamburger." He said that he went along with the deal, however, because had he voted against it, he "would have been lynched." I presumed he was referring *figuratively* to the machinations driving this agreement.

Progress and Jobs

It stands to reason that good civic decisions can't be made under such daunting political circumstances. Yet this kind of pressure now seems widespread in East Tennessee. Even if the process had been more open, I suspect the outcome would have been similar. Just look at what happened when Wal-Mart proposed locating a superstore in nearby Kingsport, Tenn.

The proposal first went before the Kingsport Planning Commission. Acting on its philosophy of encouraging citizen participation, the city's planning department staff arranged for neighborhood meetings with Wal-Mart representatives as soon as the company expressed an interest in the area. Neighbors of the target site organized and protested. The planning commission voted by a narrow margin to recommend *against* rezoning the site for commercial retail development, as this would deviate from the existing land-use plan. The Board of Mayor and Alder-

men, arguing that the store would be good for the long-term economic survival of the community, voted 6-1 to allow Wal-Mart to build.

Protesting citizens filed a lawsuit objecting to the Board's decisions, but the case was dismissed. The trial judge ascertained that zoning in Tennessee is the prerogative of local municipal lawmakers. Ironically, he upheld the city's decision precisely because Kingsport had not tried to keep the entire process under wraps until the last possible moment. He ruled that the change had been publicly and fairly debated.

This is business as usual in today's target market of small-town Appalachia. In the end, one way or another, we tend to let the big wheel turn over our rural inheritance in exchange for a quick jig with Mammon in the discount city.

From what I've heard, the last time a major *agricultural* industry was recruited to Greene County was when Pet Dairy arrived here in 1927. Since then, there's been a lengthy procession of new non-farming deals, most of them packaged and rapidly sold with just two words that seem to hold more sway over local officials than Christ Jesus — these being *progress* and *jobs*. In this most recent deal with Wal-Mart, recruiters lauded the predicted arrival of from 600 to 1,000 new jobs estimated at an average annual salary of $16,000. This was actually lower than the county's 1992 median household income of $24,465 cited by the Greene County Partnership, the umbrella organization for the Greeneville-Greene County Area Chamber of Commerce, the Economic Development Board of Greene County, the Department of Tourism, and the local Keep America Beautiful affiliate, Keep Greene Clean. Still, this promise of new jobs was immediately translated into new speculative projects for a cabal of builders, realtors, and backers with bank notes.

The local media catered to this select group. Both *The Business Journal of Tri-Cities Tennessee/Virginia* and the *Knoxville (Tenn.) News-Sentinel* printed articles touting how a new industrial boom would forever transfigure Greeneville's sleepy small-town community. In the wake of a covert political decision, the info-sportsmen cast a line of words and figures to lure the makers of modern urbanism. And these makers have eagerly taken this informational bait.

With the promise of more captivated consumers, commercial chains are multiplying even more rapidly than before along the four-lane highway built during the 1960s to detour around Greeneville's downtown. Loss of local farmland — averaging six acres per day, according to the last census of local agriculture — is accelerating with the development of additional subdivisions. At taxpayer expense, our country roads are being straightened and widened to enable increased traffic to bypass the slower farm vehicles. Trees along the old roads are being bulldozed down so that shoppers can speed back and forth from the commercial chain strips 24 hours a day. The company store, made notorious by Appalachia's coal towns, is being expanded and redefined here.

To live with this harsh reality, it would appear that the best we can do is drive out to the closest Wal-Mart supercenter and rent an old episode of *The Waltons* on video.

Cash Rules

The appeal of this type of development to public officials seems universal; government today wants to increase its supply of available cash. The greed driving private corporations has its counterpart in the public sector's lust for tax base expansion. Such expansion increases both the local government's clout and that of its officers. As cities annex and rezone the countryside, chain retailers and consumers seem more attractive than farmers since retailers and consumers yield greater opportunities for taxation. It appears there is no deal that officials will refuse in order to displace agricultural land with non-farming development, with all its potential for greater cash revenues. Money pulls the big lever in Appalachian politics, and most officials learn early in their elected careers how to wire themselves into this flow of currency.

As this cash-based economy continues to take over, local people are awakening to the notion that our small-town life is being mortgaged to Babylon. More folks are beginning to see that we are forfeiting our true local wealth — the land and the wisdom to use it sustainably — for inedible scrip.

Many fellow natives have assured me that the worst is inevitable. The modern world will complete its trajectory toward hell in that fabled handbasket, and there is little anyone can do. The corporate control of Appalachia will soon be total, as will be the case across America and the globe. To live with this harsh reality, it would appear that the best we can do is drive out to the closest Wal-Mart supercenter and rent an old episode of *The Waltons* on video.

Preserving Appalachia

Well, I don't buy this. Being Appalachian means a whole lot more than just coasting along as nostalgic fans of flannel-packaged personalities on television. If we continue to allow our local culture and economy to be sacrificed for national chain commerce, then the highway noise will soon drown out any chance of reclaiming those farm family good nights. Our rural place in creation will disappear.

How do we stop this crazy thing from displacing the cultural and economic foundations of local life? To preserve our real kinship with Appalachia, we must recruit the *kinds* of jobs and the *kind* of progress that restore and feed our native integrity. This entails a continual search for ways to proclaim the worth of this region's rural heritage. Our pastoral blend of wooded ridgetops, green river valleys, historic downtowns, old country stores, and farmsteads offers an unparalleled quality of life for local people. A limited sampling of this blend is still available for tourists and new residents who respect the traditions of local trade that make it sustainable.

These cultural and economic resources will become small sideshow attractions, however, if we fail to counterbalance today's shift toward national retail, service, and government with a renewed commitment to local agriculture. Markets for native agricultural products are in dire

need of attention. Greene County hosts the greatest number of cattle in Tennessee, for instance, yet most farmers are now getting less value for their milk and beef than they did 10 years ago. These producers will have a better chance of staying in business — and so keeping their pastures intact — if more processing facilities are recruited to add value locally.

We can also learn how to benefit from the increasing number of industries surrounding local produce. Now mostly based in California and Florida, such industries could provide a competitive market niche for local fruit and vegetable producers. Appalachia's hardwoods offer similar opportunities. Some of the most beautiful furniture in the world has been made from select trees harvested from our farms. There are still a handful of local sawmills that need our support, some operating on a scale not far removed from Walton's Mountain.

The list of resources this soil can provide us is as lengthy as our history is deep. But to grasp the possibilities fully requires that we view our well-being more as our ancestors did — in terms grounded in faith and a direct connection to the land. Yes, few people are likely to imagine much future in such a viewpoint.

Many fellow natives have assured me that the worst is inevitable.

But in the beginning, it always takes just a few believers gathered together.

Against great odds, we can still turn to tradition for assistance. In the way of my people, I pray:

Help us stand up for Appalachia's small towns by resisting corporate coercions controlling today's politics. Help us reactivate community values through land-based trade among families here at home. Don't let us wall out our native ways by becoming Mammon's servants.

Lord Maker, don't let us turn out the lights on who we are. N&T

Watt Childress is a writer who lives and works with his family on a fourth-generation farm in Greene County, Tenn.

Homeplace

Mother, I can see what you want to show me:
the orchard as it *was* – hung with pears,
strewn with apples – as it *is*,
tangled weeds and fallen branches;
one shines through the other.
I can see the peppermint-scented creek,
poplar flowered, dimpled and rippling,
sliding down the hill and over the
waterfall to pool under bending willows
and river birches. Creeping-myrtle
carpets the hillside; I can see it blooming.
Columbine's tiny, orange jets
blaze in the summer grass;
I can hear the creek's song and the rush of the river,
the rumble of coal gons and the steam engine's whistle.
I can hear your mother's stories: Aesop's fables
and the lesson Tecumseh taught, about how one stick
will be broken but the bundle is strong.
I can see your mother standing on the porch
in the early morning darkness
holding the lantern high for her girl
to cross the damp yard
to Grandma's house to help with chores.
She stands there until you have passed
through all the deepest shadows,
until she can hear you climb the steps
and see your silhouette
in the widening light
of the opening door.

— Edwina Pendarvis

E.D. Pendarvis lives in Huntington, W.Va., and teaches at Marshall University. Her work has appeared in Antietam Review, Appalachian Journal, Grab-A-Nickle, Small Pond, Tantra, Wind Magazine, *and other journals. Pendarvis won first place for her poetry collection* Coruscations *at the 1995 Cedar Lakes Writers Conference in West Virginia.*

Kenneth Murray

Bush's Mill, Scott County, Va.

Early Snow at Cooper's Farm

Snow drops from the fanned branches of a pine,
the flowering cones asleep in ice.
A white-tailed deer backs into the shadows.

I remember fields like this:
christened with the tracks of beaver and winter fox,
my father riding ahead on a yellow snow mobile,

slamming through small drifts.
He would point across the landscape,
yelling against the noise of the engine.

None of that is here.
The deer does not move from the nest of trees,
so I walk toward it, to see the thing

my father would not stop for.
I hear how this body stumbles,
tangled among corn stalks and hay.

I am the noise I never wanted to be,
rooted in this field.

— Linda Schaible

Linda Schaible is a graduate of the University of New Orleans. She is a 1994 winner of the Bain-Swiggett Poetry Prize. Schaible performs with the songwriting duo Amelia Earhart Returns in Knoxville, Tenn., and works as a market research coordinator at Computational Systems Incorporated.

Has Jonesborough Been Preserved?

Anne Gervin Koehler

An East Tennessee native finds you don't know what you've got 'til it's gone.

I used to love Jonesborough, back in the 1970s — when it was a town. It isn't anymore. Now, it's a theme park.

It really was the kind of idyllic small town we all dream about. It had one main street. We could stroll down it and stop in at the library, the post office, the drugstore, and the grocery. At the grocery, if you were getting overloaded, they would deliver your purchases. There were two clothing stores, an auto parts store, two hardware stores, two filling stations, four churches, and the little league field, all downtown and handy so we could live our lives without leaving town.

A lot of people lived around Main Street, too — many of them elderly people who needed to get around everywhere on foot, many of them families with children. There were well-to-do people in beautiful old houses, but there were also middle-income, modest-means people and people who seemed to be having a hard time getting by.

The town looked the way it always had because nobody had ever wanted to change it. It was picturesque, sleepy, and self-sufficient. Nobody made much money, I suppose, but the businesses on Main Street had been there for years, and people lived there all their lives, so the town must have been doing something right.

It was lovely. We could send our children downtown to Lavender's with a note to buy groceries. They were safe because everybody knew them. David Wise knew whose kid it was: He could read your handwriting, put it on your bill, and send your child home with the flour you needed mid-cake. Miss Betsy knew you, too, and would stick her head out of the library to announce that there was a new book just in she was sure you'd like.

It was too pleasant to last. The very beauty of the town, which had lasted in use for 200 years, needed to be preserved. That was the initial intent, but something went wrong. The historic character of the buildings has been preserved — or to be more accurate, renovated — but the town was destroyed.

Only one dress shop and a jewelry store doggedly remain of the shops where people ran day-to-day errands in the 1970s. All the other stores have been turned into shops which sell bric-a-brac, expensive craft items, souvenirs, or overpriced snack food to tourists. Basically, tourists now count more than inhabitants. The Little

Beyond Historic Preservation

Benita Howell

Can Appalachian cities and towns have it all?

It all began in the early 19th century. Mountain resorts catered to lowlanders escaping the summer heat and pestilence of the coastal plain. The more affluent tourists might stay all season in one place, returning year after year and adjusting, more or less, to the culture around them.

Granted, the impacts of early tourism on Appalachian lifeways were inconsequential compared to industrialization, but railroad building eventually opened new frontiers for tourism as well as for industry. My hometown, Asheville, N.C., grew into quite a cosmopolitan place for its size and location, thanks to a rich mix of visitors who decided to stay and contribute their talents and energy to the town. Without them, it would have been a very different and less interesting place.

The automobile opened Appalachia to mass tourism. During the 1930s, residents of the Smokies in Tennessee and the Blue Ridge in Virginia suffered forced relocation for the sake of conservation and ecotourism. Improved roads soon made virtually every nook and cranny of the region accessible to visitors who were eager to confirm the stereotypic images of the mountains and its people, as gleaned from local colorists and the popular press.

League field, not being of interest to transients, has been moved out of town — way out. No more can elderly men stroll through town to watch ball games. A visitor's center occupies the field now. Jonesborough wants its tourists handy and its children out of sight.

Jane Harris Woodside

One of the last not-yet-restored buildings on Jonesborough, Tenn.'s Main Street, the former Farm & Home Supply hardware store is slated to become part of the storytelling center, which is located in the restored Chester Inn next door. The Chester Inn previously housed the Jonesborough Public Library and apartments for the elderly.

The elderly are nearly gone too. Now the apartments for the elderly have been displaced by the national headquarters of an association to preserve storytelling (and that's another story). Old people can't easily get up to the strip shopping centers on the highway for a loaf of bread or their blood pressure medication.

But then, nobody who lives in Jonesborough now can buy groceries or get a prescription filled without driving. The only neighbors you meet downtown these days are the ones who own the shops and are "into" expensive renovations of historic buildings. Most of the people on the street are tourists now. Ordinary folks are somewhere else.

Those people who do still own homes inside Jonesborough's historic district have found that more than their convenience has been sacrificed to please the tourists. The Civic Trust will tell you what color you can paint your house or force you to renovate only in certain approved ways. They have zeroed in on the town's Victorian period and frozen it, disregarding all the layers of history that accumulated before or since then. Appealing to tourists is all-important, and Victorian is hot.

Is Jonesborough "preserved"? Can you preserve something by changing it? No, not really— it is not what it was, not what it has been. It's an "attraction" now, an artificial creation with all the historical traditions emphasized. But the very life which kept Jonesborough going for so long has been discarded, and you wonder what will happen next.

Many other towns in this area are also developing "history for tourists." What happens if Jonesborough's tourists decide that Abingdon, Va., or Greeneville, Tenn., is more historic or more novel or more fun? The handsome buildings will be empty. Right now, for all intents and purposes, it is only the "new" people who came to make money off the tourists who are left in business on Main Street. They'll go, too. When the tourists stop coming, Jonesborough will finish dying. N&T

A native East Tennessean, Anne Gervin Koehler lived in Jonesborough, Tenn., from 1973 to 1984. She considers herself a writer, but a writer who has not yet been published nearly as much as she would like. Her first play, Exit, Acting, *was produced in Jonesborough in 1995.*

Sidestepping a Dilemma

By the time I was a teenager in the late 1950s, Asheville was a popular gateway to the Blue Ridge Parkway and the North Carolina side of the Smokies. All the major arteries into the city were lined with a sprawl of motels and restaurants. In fact, I sometimes wondered how these eyesores and the crumbling, disused buildings located in pockets of the city squared with Asheville's status as a tourist mecca. But the city was, after all, mainly a convenient overnight stop for mountain travelers.

Fortunately, by the time Asheville had retired its Depression-era debt and could afford massive urban renewal in the 1970s, the tide had turned toward historic preservation. Over the past two decades, entrepreneurs have reconstructed old office blocks and commercial buildings as restaurants, shops, and galleries that draw tourists downtown and give them lots to do there. While narrow, curving Wall Street has always been a byway of specialty shops, the area around the Thomas Wolfe Memorial has been utterly transformed. The Asheville Mall eventually replaced the downtown department stores, but it did not deprive the city's core of its vitality.

Historic preservation is a bit like "preserving" endangered species through taxidermy.

As in the past, many visitors find Asheville so livable that they decide to become residents, usually by opening more restaurants, more shops, and more galleries, but they cater to one another as well as to tourists. They're rehabilitating derelict neighborhoods, too. Somehow, Asheville has avoided the dilemma of having to choose between quality of life and livelihood.

Admittedly, my observations are those of an outsider now that I've lived elsewhere for the past 30 years, but my brother did go home again and stay. Other relatives sometimes comment that newcomers have replaced the native Ashevillians, but I wouldn't be surprised to learn that my forebears at the turn of the century or in the 1920s felt the same way. Ashe-

Benjamin Porter

A panoramic view of Pack Square in Asheville, N.C., looking toward Pack Place shows the variety of uses to which restored buildings are put: restaurants, shops, galleries, and museums share buildings with offices. Pleasant open spaces invite both local residents and tourists to stroll through town. (Courtesy of the Asheville Art Museum.)

ville's cultural heritage doesn't belong to a clearly defined set of native Ashevillians. If anything, history is just repeating itself or continuing on course in this latest wave of immigration, revitalization, and what has become known as "heritage" tourism, where what is being marketed is local history and cultural resources.

Preservation or Taxidermy?

Perhaps it's easier to live with tourism and historic preservation in Asheville than it is over across the mountains in Jonesborough, Tenn. Ashevillians have no "before" to compare with the "after." The sheer size and diversity of the North Carolina city and its neighborhoods make tourism less intrusive than in Jonesborough. Tourism in Asheville is not the whole economy, nor do visitors outnumber locals, even during the big craft and music festivals. As a youngster, I, too, walked all over North Asheville just as essayist Anne Koehler (see "Has Jonesborough Been Preserved?" on page 26) describes walking all over Jonesborough. Now that I live in Knoxville, Tenn., I miss being able to ramble around town as I did in Asheville. Knoxville is not a friendly place for pedestrians, fainthearted drivers, or elderly shoppers.

But I would be surprised if Asheville had forgotten the elderly in its planning as Koehler contends that Jonesborough has. For decades, Asheville has welcomed retirees and cultivated a reputation as a premier retirement spot. The new Ashevillians are a healthy mix of retirees and young people escaping large cities. Both groups want — and seem willing to pay for — sidewalks and a bus system that miraculously is at least as good as it was in the 1950s.

To me, Koehler's most telling comment is this: "Basically, tourists now count more than inhabitants." The Jonesborough story shows that *historic preservation* per se can't block — and may even exacerbate — changes in community life that alienate some residents. The concerns Koehler expresses about Jonesborough are precisely the issues *cultural conservation* tries to address. In a nutshell, historic preservation is about things (buildings), while cultural conservation is about people and their quality of life.

If you're not familiar with the term *cultural conservation,* you're not alone. Folklorists and anthropologists coined this term about 15 years ago as they began discussing ways to transcend historic preservation's limitations. Since the mid-1960s, federally sponsored historic preservation has saved countless architectural gems and historic landmarks, but in doing so, it touches only the shell of cultural heritage. It's a bit like "preserving" endangered species through taxidermy. When the living creatures are gone, we can study the specimens preserved in museums. But this is a solution bound to displease the creatures in question — in this case, ourselves!

Conserving Culture

Koehler observes that historic preservation has made Jonesborough a Victorian theme park. Cades Cove in Great Smoky Mountains National Park is a classic example of selective historic preservation. This open-air architectural museum *seems* to present the cultural heritage of the Cove. However,

Kenneth Murray

A log cabin homestead at Cades Cove is typical of the buildings brought in by the National Park Service after the local inhabitants were evicted. Howell considers what would have happened if the original cultural landscape had been preserved instead.

Kenneth Murray

Tourists flock to Pigeon Forge year-round creating continuous traffic problems. Long-range planning will hopefully alleviate some of the problems for local residents.

historian Durwood Dunn in his 1988 publication, *Cades Cove: The Life and Death of a Southern Appalachian Community, 1818-1937,* and folklorist Michael Ann Williams in her 1995 book *Great Smoky Mountains Folklife* agree that the National Park Service (NPS) made decisions in the 1930s that greatly distort visitors' impressions of local culture and society. The NPS displaced Cove residents and obliterated most traces of their 20th century lives. Highly selective preservation and restoration of 19th century structures, especially log buildings, eliminated recent history and made the Cove seem a backwater frozen in 19th century time.

What if NPS policies had permitted Cades Cove to survive as a living community instead of killing it and reconstituting it as an architectural museum of bygone times? With some concessions to planning and land use restrictions, residents might have continued their authentic farm and forest activities. (Grazing, ironically, is necessary to maintain the desired cultural landscape as a setting for the historic structures.) Nascent tourism enterprises that had already provided guide services and lodging might have continued. The Cove might have become the kind of heritage tourism destination where modest numbers of guests are able to participate in community activities and develop more than superficial appreciation for a place. This is essentially the kind of working vacation that visitors can experience on a dude ranch throughout the U.S. and on certain farms in Europe. This scenario is idyllic, but it suggests what cultural conservation is about.

If historic preservation is like taxidermy, then cultural conservation is like wildlife management. Its primary goal is to promote continued vitality for places and for the systems of knowledge, social customs, and values that make them livable. Old buildings are valuable as architectural and historic artifacts, but their social context and meaning are all-important. Thus, it makes sense to refurbish an old theater as an arts center and auditorium. Why preserve the architectural facade only to gut the interior and turn it into an arcade of boutiques just like the ones in every other tourist destination?

But what if economic survival is at stake and old uses can't be revived? That certainly is the case in Pennsylvania. There, the Industrial Heritage Park program, established in 1989 as a joint venture between the state government and the NPS, hopes that historic preservation and interpretation can convert abandoned plants, especially in the Appalachian portions of the state, from eyesores into assets. It also hopes, in the process, to replace the jobs that steel and other heavy industry once provided. Can places in this predicament really hang onto their identity while successfully marketing their past through heritage tourism?

Is Heritage Tourism the Answer?

Skeptics and critics have long questioned the wisdom of trying to build Appalachia's economic future on a flimsy foundation of tourism and outdoor recreation. Why disrupt local lifeways for the sake of low-paying, often seasonal jobs in an industry that is fickle? Sooner or later, the visitors will move on to a more popular destination. What then?

Mass tourism destinations like Pigeon Forge, Tenn., located at the northern entrance to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, really have put tourists first — the more the better. Winter sports and nonstop shopping now attract visitors year-round. There's no sign that Sevier County's tourists are ready to move on. Dollywood and new country music attractions are stimulating further growth. But problems with traffic, adequate housing for the work force, and quality of life for residents are finally prompting long-range planning for improvements that will make living in Pigeon Forge more tolerable.

Meanwhile, Pittman Center, Tenn., another community on the northern edge of the Park, is devising a plan (with encouragement from the NPS and with assistance from the East Tennessee Design Center, a Knoxville-based nonprofit planning assistance organization) to regulate growth and conserve its cultural character *before* spillover tourism makes substantial inroads. The federal recreation areas created since the mid-1960s — Mount Rogers in Southwest Virginia, Big South Fork straddling the Kentucky-Tennessee line, the New River Gorge in West Virginia — anchor large zones like the older national parks where there is great potential for managing natural resource conservation, recreation, and heritage attractions as a

If historic preservation is like taxidermy, then cultural conservation is like wildlife management.

Kenneth Murray

Residents of Pittman Center, Tenn., on the northern edge of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, are working to preserve the community's character and culture before spillover growth takes its toll. Self-imposed restrictions on growth are key.

package. Because the development frenzy is *not* self-limiting, tourist destinations have to plan and accept self-imposed restrictions to preserve livability.

In 1989, Tennessee became one of four pilot states in the Washington, D.C. -based private, nonprofit National Trust for Historic Preservation program to encourage well-planned heritage tourism. At this point, state government, the National Trust, federal agencies like the Tennessee Valley Authority and the U.S. Forest Service, and local entrepreneurs and planners are so united and successful in promoting heritage tourism that I sometimes wonder how many of the would-be destinations will realize their dreams of coupling economic revitalization with enhanced quality of life.

One promising approach to heritage tourism can be found in Southeastern Tennessee. Eight towns in the Tennessee Overhill area in McMinn, Monroe, and Polk counties are collaborating to market their historic attractions through a self-guided auto tour. They represent most of Appalachia's diverse paths to industrialization and post-industrial decline, so that together they probably will attract tourists who would not detour to see just one of those places. The Overhill towns have readied themselves for the 1996 Olympics, and they are hopeful that spectators for the Olympic whitewater events scheduled to take place on the Ocoee River in Southeastern Tennessee will like what they see of this area and want to come again.

Because tourists may indeed move on to new destinations or fail to arrive in anticipated numbers, only amenities that make a place good to live in as well as to visit really make sense. Heritage tourism shouldn't swallow up every other activity and economic enterprise as mass tourism typically does. This niche in the tourism industry is marketing the history, culture, and unique attributes of places rather than generic entertainment. So it stands to reason that the heritage tourism customer is selective and interested in experiencing the full flavor of places as much as in visiting specific sites. These tourists will appreciate the same amenities that make places more attractive for other new businesses and more livable for their residents. Thus, the places now contemplating heritage tourism are well-advised to think of it as just a means of working toward their real goals of continued vitality, healthy economic diversity, and sustainable growth.

Launching a Debate

Catering to visitors and maintaining livable places for residents can be mutually compatible goals, but Koehler is right: Historic preservation and heritage tourism don't just naturally revitalize communities. She sees only superficial differences between Jonesborough as "quaint village" historic theme park and Pigeon Forge's fantasy world of outlet malls, pink turreted castles, water slides, and hillbilly kitsch. But surely, no one consciously set out to undermine Jonesborough's quality of life. The changes that displaced and alienated some of the townspeople happened incrementally over a quarter of a century, the end result of many small decisions.

Thinking in terms of cultural conservation requires much more comprehensive planning than review boards or zoning commissions typically do. Like wildlife management, cultural conservation deals with dynamic systems of resources that can't be frozen in time. Conservation entails both continuity and change. But who decides what community assets are important, what development is desirable or threatening, what community well-being means?

Preserving "community life and values" is a phrase often used to explain cultural conservation. I have liberally sprinkled "community" all through this article, knowing full well that the word suggests consensus and unanimity of interests that are as rare in small towns as anywhere else. To embrace the goals of cultural conservation resolves nothing. Rather, it begins a debate about values and priorities.

Only amenities that make a place good to live in as well as to visit really make sense.

Neither outside experts nor local elites should monopolize decisions that so profoundly affect the lives of all concerned. Cultural specialists may offer research skills, facilitate public dialogue, and sometimes help weaker voices be heard. But ultimately, citizens must jointly define mutually agreeable goals if they hope to use historic preservation and heritage tourism as life support systems. There are many pitfalls — and no easy solutions. N&T

Benita Howell has taught cultural anthropology at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, since 1980 and edited the 1990 book Cultural Heritage Conservation in the American South. *Her professional interest in Appalachian tourism and cultural conservation began with a folk culture survey of the Big South Fork National Recreation Area.*

LOGGING TATE CITY

by Mike Shuler

Well, I first logged on Tate City. I went in above the falls and cut timber. Had a sled twelve foot long and fetched a truckload of fifteen-foot logs out at a time.

I had good horses. A bay horse and a grey horse. They were the finest horses I ever had. I took care of them, and they were really fine. Weighed about seventeen- to eighteen-hundred pounds apiece.

I had about two to three hands helping me log. Back then, a man would work for a dollar a day. Tom Anderson drove mostly for me, and I'd swamp and keep the roads built.

Swamping was getting logs ready for the team. I'd peel the bark off the underside of the logs so they would run easy. A big log would be picked for the header. When the logs would go off that cliff, it would sound like thunder falling off down there.

Then I'd go down and haul them off to the sawmill. Sam Hogsed on Tate City had a sawmill there and made lumber out of them. The sawmill ran with a steam engine.

Back then, we logged with crosscut saws and axes. Along to the last, we got to cuttin' with power saws.

I built a road in there around the falls and got tanning bark out. In the spring, it would peel good. We had this thing called a spud, and we spudded the bark off. I peeled and hauled forty to fifty cord of it out.

Where I had my camp, there was a big dead chestnut that fell. We sawed it up with a crosscut saw, and it wouldn't reach through it — about seven foot through. We cut it and ricked it up, and Jack Bristol scaled it. There was a little over ten cord in the tree. That was the biggest tree I ever fooled with.

— from Will Ashe, Oral History, collected in 1978.

Courtesy of Archives and Special Collections, ETSU

Log landing for the W.M. Ritter Co., Frying Pan, Dickenson County, Va., 1935. The log edges were planed to prevent catching on the skids. (C.C. Tiller Collection)

The logging road climbed the mountain roughs like a steep and winding stairway. It paralleled the rocky creek up its course into the North Georgia mountains. The creek had been forming its path for millions of years, washing away the topsoil with each rain, tumbling rocks downstream with each torrent, scouring the ancient granite rock in a gradual process of erosion. The road was less time in the making, built with human hands and horsepower, rock and locust log.

Will and Odis stood at the bottom of the rock cliff and surveyed the short distance of road that they could see through the poplars down the rough creek. Will had completed the road about three weeks before, and they had been cutting chestnut logs out of the high cove above the cliff.

A load of logs had been run off the mountain during the morning, and now they waited for Tom to return with the ton-and-a-half truck. The rush of the stream was loud. However, it wasn't too long until they heard the sound of the truck, then saw it slowly negotiate the final turn and roll into the turnaround.

Tom raised his hand out the driver's side. "You boys hungry?" he called and grinned, knowing that they were waiting for the dinner he was carrying from the camp.

"Hungry enough to eat your cooking," Will called back. "Let's load these logs, so we can get this food up to the crew."

Will was a stout man and a hard driver when it came to work. He lived in a time and a place where strength was the measure of a man — strength of body, of mind, and of heart. He wouldn't put his own needs before work to be done or be-

A PROVEN CHARACTERISTIC
OF STUBBORNNESS
IS MORE STUBBORNNESS
IN THE FACE OF OBVIOUS TRUTH.

fore the needs of the men who worked for him. He guided Tom into position to load the logs onto the truck.

"Whoa," he said. "Back up a little — that's good!"

Tom stepped out of the truck onto the running board and climbed from there onto the flatbed. He pulled the cable from a hoist attached to a frame above the truck cab and handed it down to Odis. A winch at the front of the truck would be used for power to haul the logs onto the bed of the truck.

Odis hooked a grab into a top log and attached the cable to a clip at the end of the grab. He and Will guided the log as it moved upwards. The truck shifted as it received the massive weight of the log, then rocked as Tom positioned and dropped it into place on the bed.

Tom sang in his tenor voice as they repeated the loading routine for each log:

Don't have no worry,
I'm on my way to glory.
Don't have no sadness,
I'm on my way to gladness.
Don't have no worry,
I'm in no hurry.
There's nothing I can't withstand,
On my way to glory land.

They loaded the logs quickly. The truck settled lower and lower on its springs until the last one capped the load. Tom threw logchains around the load of logs and locked them down, while Will and Odis lifted the two large buckets of biscuits, chicken, and pork tenderloin from the truck cab. Will would make coffee when they reached the logging site.

Tom climbed into the truck. "See you this evening," he said and smiled. He hauled three loads out each day — one early, one at noon, and the last in the afternoon, while the loggers cut the final load for loading the next morning.

"We'll be here," said Will. "You just be careful going down. It's a steep one." He gave that caution to Tom before he left on every loaded trip.

"You don't have to worry. I'm the one sitting in front of the load of logs," Tom replied. "If it gets away, I'll go with it. And I'm not quite ready to go." He laughed, then inched the truck forward in granny gear. He stuck his arm out the window and waved.

It took Will and Odis fifteen minutes to reach the top of the narrow trail that skirted the rock cliff. After a few more minutes of walking, they came to the clearing where their equipment was stored. Here also was the fire site where the men ate their dinner. Will kindled a small fire and filled the large coffeepot with water from the small stream of water that flowed nearby.

From further up the cove, Will and Odis heard the faint sound of one of the crew calling "Timmberrr," then the crackling and swish of a tree falling. Will filled the following silence with the clang of the dinner bell. The coffee would be hot by the time the three other loggers made their way to the clearing.

After dinner, the crew went back to their felling and bucking tasks. It was their job to fell the trees, buck them free of limbs, and cut them into log lengths. Will and Odis then pulled the logs out onto the run that led down to the cliff top. Will worked a huge team of Morgan horses that were strong and obedient. They were so valuable that they were almost considered family. Odis worked a mule that was also strong, but not so obedient. It was valuable also, but if considered family, the mule would be comparable to troublesome second cousins.

A week before, the mule had almost been led to disaster by its stubborn nature. When a mule pulled a set of logs down the run to the top of the cliff, it was supposed to veer off into what was called a J-hole, while the header log came unhooked and the set of logs continued down the run over the cliff. There were three opportunities for the mule to J-off from the run. The two Morgans would each usually hit the first J-hole; however, the mule would frequently balk at the first hole and go to the next. Sometimes it would have to be "convinced" that it was in its best interest to hit the final hole.

A proven characteristic of stubbornness is even more stubbornness in the face of obvious truth. And inevitably, truth has a way of coming clear — but in cases of stubbornness, it usually comes too late. This was revealed in the experience of the mule.

As usual, Odis had been encouraging the mule to escape into a J-hole on each set of logs as it was pulled down the run and released. Late in the afternoon of a particularly hot day, the mule decided that it had had enough and refused to hit the third J-hole.

"Fine, damn you," yelled Odis as the mule disappeared over the precipice, followed by the logs. "See how you like flying."

He ran to the top of the cliff and looked down. He swore, when later telling the story, that he had seen the mule sitting on the header log, riding it down,

with ears flopping, eyes wide, and mouth open, braying loudly. No one could doubt him, especially when the mule was unharmed in the fall, but not unchanged. After experiencing that "dose of truth," the mule hit the first J-hole with regularity.

"That's it, Dan. Pull, Dock," Will called to the Morgans as they snaked the chestnut log through the undergrowth. He could hear Odis working the mule on the other side of the run.

"Heyaghh, git up there."

"Whoa," said Will and pulled back on the reins. He was certain he had heard the crack of a gunshot come from down the mountain. "Odis," he shouted. "Stop your team and listen."

It became quiet, except for an occasional snort from one of the animals. Then the faraway report of a single shot was heard, followed in moments by another.

"That's three," said Will. "Someone's in trouble — and I think it may be Tom. The shots came from down the mountain."

He cupped his hands around his mouth. "Oren!" he shouted. "Oren!"

"Whooo," came a voice from higher on the mountain where the crew was working.

"Come down here," Will yelled, then turned to Odis. "Tether your mule." He turned to look up the mountain. He saw Oren dropping and sliding quickly through the trees down the incline toward them.

"Take care of these teams," said Will loudly to Oren as he came to a stop beside him and Odis. "You hear shots?"

Oren nodded and took the reins to Dock and Dan from Will.

"Odis and I are going down to check on Tom."

Will and Odis would have flown off the mountain like the mule if they could but were limited to using the trail down to the turnaround. But they moved in an almost-run and soon crossed the stream and jogged to the old truck they used for transportation up and down the road in the morning and evening.

They jumped in, with Odis on the driver's side. Will, having spent his life driving horses, had not yet needed to learn to drive anything else. When he wanted to go somewhere by truck or car, he had someone else do the driving.

THE FARAWAY REPORT OF A SINGLE SHOT WAS HEARD, FOLLOWED IN MOMENTS BY ANOTHER.

Dirt flew as Odis gunned the engine and bumped from the turnaround onto the logging road.

"Slow this thing down," yelled Will. "What good are we if we're dead?"

Odis could tell that Will was serious. He slowed to a more reasonable speed, taking the curves without the truck bumping and hopping around more than necessary.

After traveling about four miles, they began to see skinned trees along the roadside. Smaller shrubs, trees, and bushes were torn and flattened in a pattern that pointed down the road.

"Looks like he might have lost his brakes," said Odis, "and tried to slow the rig down by sideswiping trees."

"Yep," said Will. His attention was focused on the road ahead. Having built it, he knew that a half-mile or so further down was a narrow section bounded by rock on one side and a drop-off into the creek on the other. He was worried.

Will looked down the road. "Slow down some more," he said.

The road curved sharply to the right and revealed a deep ravine below them. At its bottom, in the creek, were scattered logs and the upside-down truck crushed into the rocks. An expanse of rock on the right-hand side blocked their view of the road ahead.

When they rounded the curve, they saw Tom lying beside the road.

"Stop here," said Will.

The brakes squealed, and dust enveloped the truck as they came to a stop. Will opened his door and stepped down into the road. He walked toward where Tom was lying. Odis followed, about two steps behind him.

"Hey, you," Will said when he came to the inert body. "You all right?" He could see the pistol in Tom's outstretched hand.

Tom's eyes opened. He slowly turned them toward Will. "Just tired," he said weakly. "Must have been knocked out — and had to climb out of that gully."

No one said anything for a few moments. Will and Odis exhaled loudly.

"Sorry about losing the rig — and the logs," Tom said and looked away.

Will waited until Tom looked at him. "The logs can be pulled out, Tom," he said, "and there are more important things than the rig." He hesitated. "We didn't lose you."

The sound of the creek rushing below the road seemed to increase in volume. Tom grunted as he rolled to his side.

"Well, I'd better get up, then," he said. "There's work to be done." N&T

A Western North Carolina native, Mike Shuler now works in Franklin, Tenn., as evening programs coordinator and adjunct faculty member for Columbia State Community College. This story is included in "Shooting Creek," an unpublished manuscript of essays, stories, and poetry about Appalachian life.

© Mike Shuler, 1995.

Reviews

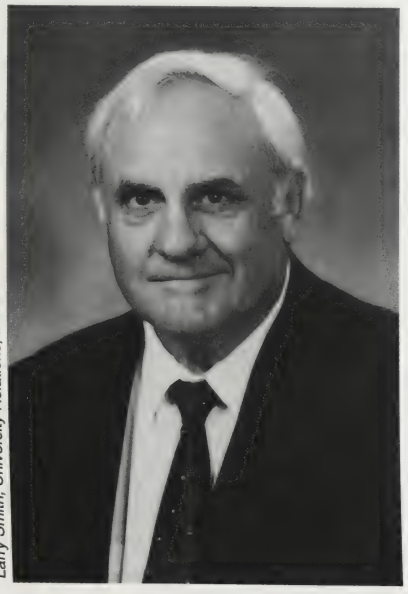
Appalachia Inside Out: A Sequel to Voices from the Hills (2 volumes) edited by Robert J. Higgs, Ambrose N. Manning, and Jim Wayne Miller

University of Tennessee Press
Knoxville, Tenn. - 1995
$17.00/ volume (paper)
$35.00/ volume (hardcover)

Appalachia Inside Out is a handsomely presented two-volume collection of essays, fiction, and poems by a wide range of writers, from scholars representing many disciplines to creative writers from across the region. The list of fine contributors to this anthology reads like a Who's Who of Appalachian Studies and literature.

Without a doubt, these two books are the most comprehensive, informative gathering of materials on Appalachian culture at the present time. In their coverage of the subject, these books show Appalachia's complexity and diversity and should go a long way to help refute the century-old stereotypes of the Appalachian region and its people.

Higgs, Manning, and Miller have grouped the eclectic selections of *Appalachia Inside Out* by topic in chapters, ranging from historical, sociological, and literary critical essays to poetry and fiction.



Larry Smith, University Relations, ETSU

Robert J. Higgs

The editors introduce each chapter with a short essay, then preface each selection within that chapter with a brief introduction to the author.

A look at the first chapter serves as an example of the kinds of contents in *Appalachia Inside Out.* "Roots, Exploration, and Settlement" opens with an essay by historian H. Tyler Blethen on the Scotch-Irish influence in Southern Appalachia. In an excerpt from *Apples on the Flood,* cultural historian Roger Cunningham presents his theory that the Appalachian experience is a part of a long history of peripheralization between "civilized" and "wild" areas throughout the world. English professor Helen Hollingsworth discusses early explorers' perceptions of the region's environment and scenery, while Appalachian scholar Jean Haskell Speer surveys Mary Lee Settle's *Beulah Quintet,* a collection of novels that tells the story of Southern Appalachia, especially West Virginia, from the 17th century to 1980.

Interspersed among these prose pieces are poems by Tennessee's George Scarbrough, Virginia's Bernard Stallard, North Carolina's Robert Morgan as well as a "found poem" by Jacob Carpenter of Avery County, N.C., a distant relative of mine. Carpenter's "Deaths on Three-Mile Creek: 1841-1915" was fashioned out of diary entries in which he made a record of the deaths of his neighbors, accompanied by succinct, unvarnished sketches of their lives. This chapter, like all the others, blends the personal, the historical, the sociological, and the literary; it reveals the complexity of the Appalachian experience of exploration and settlement. Many Appalachian readers, I am sure, will find the same kind of personal connections I found in these readings.

The books are not a paean to Appalachia, merely celebrating the richness of its culture. Higgs, Manning, and Miller have certainly not avoided some of the controversies in Appalachian Studies, such as scholar David Whisnant's analysis of Appalachian problems as being rooted in hegemony or Cunningham's notions about the origins of the mountaineers and their peripheralization. The editors' balanced presentation of such views contributes to the picture of a complex, multidimensional region and people.

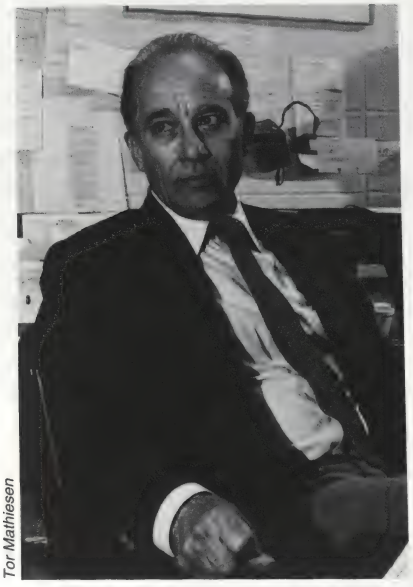
In their introduction to volume one, the editors maintain that they have been guided by critiques of *Voices from the Hills;* namely, literary scholar C. Hugh Holman's observation that *Voices* neglected to show Appalachia's connections with the South and historian W. H. Ward's questioning of the quality of the selections.

Larry Smith, University Relations, ETSU

Ambrose Manning

As I read these two volumes, I still did not generally get a great sense of connection between Appalachia and the rest of the South. However, *I* personally have not ever felt that Appalachia was that closely tied to the South in the first place. I think that Higgs, Manning, and Miller have, whether by design or by accident, revealed through their selections not so much a connection with the South as a connection with the rest of America. Labor issues, participation in wars, crime and violence, social activism, and cultural values are placed in a national context throughout this collection of writings dealing with Appalachia. Likewise, although some of the fiction and poetry may not rank among the very best, the writing in toto reveals a considerable talent among Appalachian writers. Nor can I find fault with the scholarship of the essays.

These books will be useful in many different contexts. They can be used in all kinds of Appalachian Studies courses, from sociology and history to Appalachian literature. For the newcomer to Appalachian Studies, they provide a single anthology of important essays covering almost every possible subject. For the



Tor Mathiesen

Jim Wayne Miller

seasoned scholar, they supply the basis for further research, evaluation, and re-evaluation. For the general reader, they present an accurate picture of this complex region.

For me, someone who has spent the last 20 or more years learning about Appalachian culture, reading *Appalachia Inside Out* is like going to an extended family reunion. Some of the people you know very well, others barely or not at all. Some are blood kin, others "married-in." Some you feel more comfortable with than others. You're proud of some and perhaps a little disappointed in others; you agree with some and argue with others. There are the older matriarchs and patriarchs, and there are those who belong to the next generation of voices.

But you know that you are related to them all, that they are family, and that through contact with them, you are rejuvenated, you feel a sense of respect and pride. Surely these two books reveal that Appalachians are no longer "awakening" but are poised on the verge of adulthood. Appalachians today enjoy a fuller consciousness of themselves as a people, of their connectedness with their other family members, of their shared past and future.

— Danny L. Miller

Danny L. Miller teaches a course in Appalachian literature at Northern Kentucky University where he is associate professor of English. He is the secretary of the Appalachian Studies Association.

The Melungeons: The Resurrection of a Proud People

by N. Brent Kennedy with Robyn Vaughan Kennedy

Mercer University Press
Macon, Ga. - 1994
$16.99 (paper)

Daughter of the Legend

by Jesse Stuart

The Jesse Stuart Foundation
Ashland, Ky. - 1994
$20 (hardcover)

These two books — one old and one new — revive and relate the story of those Appalachians who were possibly the region's first European settlers. Taken together, they tell a story that differs from journalistic accounts of the Melungeons as "mysterious and strange" mixed bloods living in the more isolated parts of the Southern Appalachians. In particular, Brent Kennedy, vice chancellor for development and college relations at Clinch Valley College in Wise, Va., presents exciting new research which validates the Melungeons' own vernacular history of their origin and their history.

Originally published in 1965 and reissued in 1994, Jesse Stuart's novel, *Daughter of the Legend,* drew upon his experiences as a student at Lincoln Memorial University (LMU) on the Tennessee-Kentucky line in the late 1920s. While attending LMU, Stuart became acquainted with Melungeon families on Newman's Ridge in East Tennessee's Hancock County and Southwest Virginia's Scott County. *Daughter of the Legend* is a romance: a love story of Deutsia Huntoon, a Melungeon woman, and an outsider, a timber cutter from Virginia by the name of Dave Stoneking. When Dave Stoneking marries Deutsia Huntoon, he joins the Melungeon "clan" and chooses to share in his wife's outcast lifestyle.

Daughter of the Legend gives a picture of what it was like to be Melungeon on Newman's Ridge in the early 1900s. Stuart relates how they suffered from segregation and from their neighbors' prejudice. He describes the Melungeons' self-sufficient lifestyle and their relationship to the natural environment. Although the book is a bit romantic and patronizing as the outsider introduces "civilized" standards into the Melungeons' life, it is most valuable for its realistic picture of a group of people at a particular time and place.

In his book, *The Melungeons: The Resurrection of a Proud People,* Brent Kennedy relates "an untold story of ethnic cleansing in America." Kennedy seeks to remove the mystery and misunderstanding that surrounds this group of people by researching their origins and history.

New gene frequency research and Brent Kennedy's own family history suggest that the Melungeons are indeed who they always claimed they were: descendants of Iberians, Moors, and Turks who settled North America's Carolina coast well before the founding of Jamestown. They subsequently intermarried with Native Americans, European Americans, and African Americans. Kennedy believes one group Melungeons can claim as ancestors are people from the mountains of northern Spain and Portugal, who were probably of mixed Berber, Jewish, and Basque heritage. The Spanish recruited these Iberian mountaineers in 1566 to settle the Santa Elena colony, located near present-day Beaufort, S.C. When the Spanish abandoned this settlement some 20 years later, Kennedy believes that large numbers of the colonists went inland.

He is also intrigued by reports that in 1586, Sir Francis Drake left several hundred prisoners behind on Roanoke Island, off the North Carolina coast. Drake had taken these prisoners during raids of Spanish and Portuguese settlements in South America. Among the group of prisoners were Moorish laborers, who called themselves *Mulungeons,* and Turks as well as South American Indians, Spanish and Portuguese soldiers, and a small number of West African slaves.

When Drake arrived on Roanoke Island, he found English soldiers who wanted return passage home, so the English explorer deposited the prisoners on the island to make room for the homesick soldiers. Kennedy speculates that at some point, these abandoned prisoners met up with the former Santa Elena colonists, contributing to the rich and complicated ethnic mix who now goes by the name of Melungeon. More recent research about the Melungeons' Turkish connection is

being incorporated into a revised edition of the book which is forthcoming.

Over the years, up to and including the 20th century, the Melungeons have suffered from discrimination tantamount to "ethnic cleansing" from their fellow European-American neighbors. Coveting the Melungeon's land holdings, English and Scottish immigrants declared them "free persons of color" and proceeded to deny them all legal rights in the late 1700s and early 1800s. Eventually, the Melungeons lost their lands and property in the more desirable sections of the Appalachians and were pushed back into the more inaccessible parts of the mountains.

The rediscovery of Melungeon history and of Spanish-Portuguese-Moorish-Turkish influence on Appalachian culture and history is an important contribution. The Appalachian population has always been more diverse, more multicultural than we have admitted or explored. It is exciting that these stories are now forthcoming, and we are greatly enriched by them.

— Helen M. Lewis

Helen Lewis is on the education staff of the Highlander Research and Education Center in New Market, Tenn.

Catalpa
by George Ella Lyon
Wind Publications
Lexington, Ky. - 1993
$10.00 (paper)

It is difficult to review a book written by an acquaintance, an acquaintance toward whom you are kindly disposed. I have heard George Ella read several of the poems in this book. I have heard her tell the story of how long it took to publish this poetry collection. The book has been widely reviewed and highly praised, having won the Appalachian Writers Association Book of the Year Award. I too am a female Kentucky poet, rooted to the stories and traditions of the Appalachian culture.

Yet when I read through this book for the second time, on my front porch on a sunny autumn morning, I found myself distracted by lines and stanzas lacking punctuation and by some of the line breaks. I wanted to give this book a thumbs-up, A+ review, and I am somehow disappointed in myself that I can't.

The book's greatest strength — and it *is* a great strength — is in the richness of the stories it chronicles and preserves and the reality of the characters who people those stories.

The first section deals with stories of ancestors, stories of the past. Two of the recurring characters are Rhody and Papaw. Rhody is a stepmother, and her arrival "soured the feathers on the chickens." As part of her marriage contract with Mr. Wilder, who was Lyon's Papaw, she had to bake him an apple pie every day until he asked her to stop. "Her kitchen was never clean," vows the speaker of "The Step-mother."

Rhody seems a sad, much-maligned creature, but the poems about her grandfather are alive with laughter and delight. "They told him, the youngest, / that babies came from coal mines," begins "Papaw." He decides to investigate when the neighbors have a baby. "It aint true, he said, / coal dust streaking his face. / I been there an there aint no tracks." In "My Grandfather In Search of Moonshine," the bootlegger tricks him into standing around half the night waiting for him to come back, the grandfather holding the tied shoe box that contained not shoes but the moonshine he was seeking.

Several of the poems in this section have cutting epigraphs. One called "Salvation" has this wonderful beginning: "What does the Lord want with Virgil's heart? And what is Virgil going to do without one?"

The second section deals with mothers, children, and childbirth, a rite that always erases boundaries between past and present. These are the poems of greatest emotional resonance. "Mother's Day" and "Mother's Day at the Air Force Museum" are especially finely crafted.

The book's third and final section ponders Virginia Woolf. The shift from the coal mines of Appalachia to London's Bloomsbury is seamless, a change of scene transcended by the link between writers that is beyond time and place. "Lighthouse" describes the pilgrimage of the "harmless scholar" to New York to read one volume of Woolf's actual diary in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library:

> How could I hold it
> knowing you had bound it
> in this Italian paper
>
> knowing your eyes
> had opened it
> to the light of a year
>
> of your life?
> I started to cry.
> Not harmless
>
> tears on that paper
> tears on ink
> forty years
>
> dried perhaps
> by your breath.

Despite my picky criticisms, *Catalpa* is a flowering worthy of contemplation.

— Rebecca Bailey

Contrary Motions
by Dan Leidig
Mossy Creek Reader
Jefferson City, Tenn. - 1995
$5.00 (paper)

This chapbook collection from Dan Leidig of Emory, Va., is a peaceful, introspective read that left me wanting more.

Taking up the entire 1995 issue of the annual journal, *Mossy Creek Reader,* this collection of 28 poems follows a too-long introduction by poet Don Johnson entitled "A Physics of Life." The poems themselves are generally arranged in chronological order and focus on the theme of moving through life, that often contradictory and contrary motion that propels us not only through times of great lightness and joy but also sometimes headlong into misery and grief. But without that movement, Leidig implies, comes inertia, comes nothingness.

These autobiographical poems begin with the poet's birth. Flowers, fields, and quilts — images that recur throughout the collection — color the poem titled "Imprint": "a patchwork of laughter and light / imprinting my infant brain / with belonging."

"Children's Hour" elegantly contrasts the innocent explorations of childhood with children's thoughtless cruelty. The children mean to spare butterflies, but they unwittingly cripple them simply by holding them. Other living things aren't so fortu-

nate. The poem begins, "The death we brought to flowers / was not our death: / the thistleseed sown to the lifting sun." He goes on to describe the children's sacrificing the "oracle daisy" for love's divination. The middle stanza is most powerful:

> We took delight in another order of death:
> deflations of spiders ballooning with babies,
> emerald executions of snake doctors,
> ritual entombments of the moral ant.
> All worms, slugs, and slimy things —
> they made no cry.

Jumping from childhood to mature manhood, Leidig retains the pairing of children and death in "The Children." Four deceptively simple stanzas are entitled "Danny," "Bill," "April," and "John Mark." This volume is dedicated to two of his children, William and April; their stanzas evoke the eternal mystery of children "teaching us to read / the worn old stories / and to write them anew." The other two stanzas, "Danny" and "John Mark," are elegies reminiscent of Ben Jonson's "On My First Son" and "On My First Daughter." With their straightforward acceptance of both grief and love — "We wept bereft of why" — they are much more human and touching than Jonson's treatments of the same theme.

The chapbook's cover is a facsimile of a letter and envelope addressed to Leidig's great-great-great-grandmother Elizabeth Evans who was living at Point Pleasant, the family home, during the Civil War. In "A Letter to My Grandson Nicholaas," a paragraph that serves as a postscript to this cycle of poems based on old family correspondence, Leidig writes to his 15-year-old grandson about the letter sent by Elizabeth's husband, John Evans.

Dated December 4, 1863, the letter is all the family knows about this ancestor, who wrote from a Civil War hospital in Maryland. He was disappointed because a letter he had expected from his wife had never arrived: "i doant know the rason," he writes, "unless you dident send one a tuesday. . . . " Evans goes on to give his wife a list of specific instructions as to what she should do in his absence, advising her to "try to do the best you can."

Grandfather Dan, in his own letter dated January 20, 1994, tells Nicholaas why he's sharing this piece of history with him. "Maybe his letter reveals most of what needs saying between members of a family: Respect your companion as dear and beloved. Believe in a right cause. Care about your friends. Try to do the best you can. Accept disappointment. Rear a responsible family. Send them to school. Seek their prayers. Get the wood in early, look after the animals, pay your debts. Be sad when separated, and hope to be reunited at Point Pleasant — and in heaven. [. . . And don't roll on the baby in your sleep!"]

Dan Leidig's journey includes stories about a woman who remembers the events in her life through the enumeration of more than 20 wildflowers in the poem "Bloodroot" and about a kitten named Heifer, whom he describes in "Markings" as showing up in the midst of a cow lot looking just like a Holstein. In "Hindsight," he hints at the upheaval wrought upon the earth in the building of a house:

> I tell myself it will restore itself
> in a few million years,
> in time for some better other
> to occupy this space,
> who knows as well as daisies
> the proper use of place.

This short collection can be pleasantly read in one sitting, providing the spirit with a soothing and a moving experience.

— Rebecca Bailey

Rebecca Bailey is a poet and writer living in Morehead, Ky.

Footsteps of the Cherokees: A Guide to the Eastern Homelands of the Cherokee Nation

by Vicki Rozema

John F. Blair
Winston-Salem, N.C. - 1995
$15.95 (paper)

Like numerous other Appalachian folk, Vicki Rozema grew up knowing that her great-great-grandmother was a full-blood Cherokee, but she possessed very little knowledge "about how these people, [her] ancestors, lived or how they were driven away." A lifetime resident of East Tennessee, Rozema is a nature photographer whose fondness for the land led her to explore the history and culture of its original inhabitants. Eventually these explorations gave birth to *Footsteps of the Cherokees.*

Though she reports spending several hundred hours researching the book, the author hopes her readers will "recognize it as a guidebook, and not an academic treatise." *Footsteps* is indeed an invaluable resource for travelers. Illustrated with more than 150 black-and-white photographs, the book provides the reader with clearly detailed directions to locations ranging from overlooks with historic markers to fully developed historic sites in the Cherokees' Eastern homeland. But those hours of research have clearly paid off; the volume is a motherlode of history and culture for those interested in learning more about the Cherokee and other Native Americans who lived in the area.

From the prehistoric Indians who preceded the Cherokee in the Southeastern United States to the contemporary Cherokee of the Qualla Boundary, N.C., Reservation, Rozema portrays a people whose spirit and tenacity have enabled them to survive against all odds. Yet she does not romanticize the Cherokee. In fact, the book pulsates with the lives of real people — white and Native American — with a capacity for contentious as well as for harmonious living.

Vicki Rozema

A replica of the printing press used to publish the *Cherokee Phoenix* at New Echota State Historic site in Georgia.

Reviews

Rozema divides the Eastern Cherokee country — in what is now Eastern Tennessee, Western North Carolina, Northwestern South Carolina, and Northern Georgia and Alabama — into 19 geographical sections. She then provides historical background for each place of interest, directions to the site, and the hours of operation and telephone numbers for state parks and museums. As an added treat, she gives the meanings of Cherokee place names and relates dozens of Native American legends associated with these sites. Further aids include maps, an extensive bibliography, and an index.

Whether one is interested in seeing where Elias Boudinot printed the first issues of the *Cherokee Phoenix* in New Echota, Ga., in 1828 or the prehistoric petroglyphs carved in Western North Carolina's Judaculla Rock or Benton, Tenn.'s Old Fort Marr, part of a stockade in which the Cherokee were imprisoned during the Removal of 1838, Rozema's *Footsteps of the Cherokees* is an enchanting and indispensable wealth of information — even if you are just an "armchair traveler."

— Ginny Carney

Ginny Carney is a Cherokee/Appalachian grandmother and a doctoral student in English at the University of Kentucky, Lexington.

Doug and Jack Wallin: Family Songs and Stories from the North Carolina Mountains

produced by Wayne Martin

Smithsonian/Folkways
Washington, D.C. - 1995
$14.00 CD; $8.50 cassette

Tradition isn't an impersonal force. Communities, families, and individuals conserve folklife, shape it anew, enact it in the present, and transmit it to a new generation.

In 1916, English folksong collector Cecil Sharp mythologized Sodom Laurel, N.C., as "a community in which singing was as common and almost as universal a practice as speaking." The recordings on this recent Smithsonian/Folkways CD, *Doug and Jack Wallin*, attest to the continuing vitality of those singing traditions and furnish keen insight into a specific family context and into the individuals who have preserved and continued those traditions.

This CD features recordings made from 1990 to 1992 of the singing and playing of Doug and Jack Wallin, two brothers who are members of the extended Chandler-Wallin family of Sodom Laurel. The family has attracted considerable attention from folk music collectors, including John Cohen in the classic 1970 documentary on ballad singers in Sodom Laurel, *The End of an Old Song*.

Most of all, the selections on the CD foster an appreciation of Doug Wallin, an especially talented 76-year-old folk artist who has accepted the traditions of his community and his family, then placed his own mark on them so that old tunes live anew in contemporary performance. Doug Wallin has received the North Carolina Folk Heritage Award and a National Endowment for the Arts National Folk Heritage Fellowship. His wide-ranging performances on *Doug and Jack Wallin* illustrate the "natural artistry" and "reverence for the meaning and heritage of the old songs" cited in the North Carolina award.

The 19 songs are juxtaposed in a way that celebrates the diversity of individual styles within a family tradition. Most are ballads sung a cappella by Doug Wallin, but he also tells two family ghost stories and an anecdote, while Jack Wallin plays and sings two hymns and three banjo tunes.

Doug Wallin on fiddle accompanies his younger brother's three strong banjo performances of "Darling Cora," "Pretty Polly," and the old standard "My Home's Across the Blue Ridge Mountains." Examples of local stringband tradition, these tunes illustrate Jack Wallin's musical preferences and his adept picking. But interspersed among Doug Wallin's ballads as they are, Jack Wallin's more contemporary stringband style also provides a telling contrast to the haunting, "archaic" sound that characterizes his brother's distinctive renditions of stories of love and tragedy.

Although all Doug Wallin's solo singing is a cappella, on some cuts he plays a brief fiddle introduction that lines out the ballad's melody. This fiddle run continues a practice of his father, but it also serves to distinguish Doug Wallin's ballad style and to draw attention to the way he embellishes or "ornaments" the melody in his vocal renderings of "Omie Wise" and "The House Carpenter."

Doug Wallin's singing is eloquently clear and evocative. The range of ballads presented on this CD provides a rich testament to the power and diversity of his style and repertory. For example, on the first cut, "Jackaroo," he repeats a half-line at the end of every verse, a technique that deepens the emotional impact of the plot and also foregrounds the distinctive vocal ornamentation and personal feeling of his singing. This technique contrasts with the more straightforward advance of action in "Omie Wise" and the different shades of reflection and emotional engagement in later ballads in the collection, such as "The Golden Vanity," "Young Emily," and "Pretty Fair Miss in a Garden."

Another effective touch is the inclusion of family stories by Doug Wallin. Two ghost stories help establish a sense of mystery and emotional tension about Sodom — Doug Wallin calls it "a haunted place" — which deepens our understanding of local setting and ballad values. A humorous anecdote about local character William Riley Shelton presents Doug Wallin's own estimations of singer excellence and heightens our awareness of individuating gesture and voice in ballad performance. Doug Wallin values William Riley as "the brag ballad singer" of a past day, a term that listeners to this CD may well choose to describe Doug Wallin himself for the personal mark he places on old songs.

Notable too are this CD's liner notes and annotations written by folklorists Dan and Beverly Patterson. The discussion of local social and economic history provides a context in which to understand the development of musical styles and repertories among the Wallins. The commentary also describes family relationships and influences well. And the analysis of Doug Wallin's style, values, and persona — of his "delicate, poetic, even instructive approach" — enhances our appreciation of his singing.

Congratulations are due to the North Carolina Arts Council's folklife section for sponsoring the original project documenting the Wallins' art and for producing an exemplary presentation and study of Doug Wallin's songs.

— Thomas McGowan

Thomas McGowan teaches in the English department at Appalachian State University in Boone, N.C., and edits the North Carolina Folklore Journal.

Books Worth Mentioning

A College for Appalachia: Alice Lloyd on Caney Creek by P. David Searles (Lexington, Ky.: University Press of Kentucky, 1995, $24.95 hardcover). A former administrator for the Peace Corps and the National Endowment for the Arts, David Searles examines the impact of New Englander Alice Lloyd on Eastern Kentucky, arguing in the first full-scale study of her life that her problematic efforts to establish a college did not ultimately create more problems than they solved.

African Banjo Echoes in Appalachia: A Study of Folk Traditions by Cecelia Conway (Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1995, $25.00 hardcover). A landmark study based on original research that demonstrates the influence of West African and African American musicians on white Southern banjo players. This work combines a love of the subject with careful scholarship.

Come Go Home With Me: Stories by Sheila Kay Adams by Sheila Kay Adams (Forward by Lee Smith, Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1995, $19.95 hardcover, $10.95 paper). Thirty-two stories set in the same Sodom Laurel, N.C., community where Doug and Jack Wallin live (see Thomas McGowan's review of their Smithsonian/Folkways recordings, page 38). Reading these stories is like going to a weekend-long family reunion, where the generations tell stories on each other, stories that range from hilarious to heartbreaking.

Great Smoky Mountains Folklife by Michael Ann Williams (Jackson, Miss.: University Press of Mississippi, 1995, $40.00 hardcover, $16.95 paper). Folklorist Michael Ann Williams synthesizes information from published sources, folds in some fieldwork of her own, and produces a readable account of the complex and changing folklife, both past and present, in and around the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

Historic Buildings of the Smokies by Ed Trout, with Margaret Lynn Brown (Gatlinburg, Tenn.: Great Smoky Mountains Natural History Association, 1995; $6.95 paper). Written by recently retired park historian Ed Trout, this book reveals his passion for the maintenance, preservation, and reconstruction of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park's more than 70 buildings, the largest collection of historic log buildings in the East. Well-illustrated with over 50 photos and drawings, it provides a highly readable overview of the forms and functions of buildings constructed in the Smokies by pioneers and farmers.

I Become a Teacher: Eastern Kentucky by Cratis D. Williams (Ashland, Ky.: Jesse Stuart Foundation, 1995, $15.00 hardcover). Illustrated with black-and-white photographs of Cratis Williams (with and without a beard), this delightful memoir written in 1978 about one-room school life in the late 1920s accompanies two autobiographical essays written in the 1980s.

Jeannie Robertson: Emergent Singer, Transformative Voice by James Porter and Hershel Gower (Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1995, $48.00 hardcover). An interdisciplinary (and interpersonal) study of Scot traveller and traditional folk singer Jeannie Robertson (1908-1975), whom folksong collector Alan Lomax described as "a monumental figure in twentieth-century folksong." The book focuses on Robertson's biography, her songs, and the authors' annotations and commentary which blend folklore, oral history, and ethnomusicology.

Table Talk: Appalachian Meals and Memories by Sidney Saylor Farr (Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1995, $29.95 hardcover; $15.95 paper). A delicious blend of interview notes, autobiographical statements from good cooks, and recipes for traditional dishes — like beans, breads, pies, and cakes. The recipes are from the cooks' heads and from the most splattered pages of falling-apart family cookbooks. They are enough to make you hungry and homesick.

— Sandy Ballard

Sandy Ballard is assistant professor of English at Carson-Newman College, Jefferson City, Tenn. She is book review editor for Now & Then.

In Difficult Virginia

How goes the plow to bush
and under bitch-black
Southern soil
planters, expectant women, children,
movers and deceivers, bad roads
menders of dreams, I
say evil is a Northern bard
once uprooted a man cannot bloom again
his heartbroken factory work, his tools,
unweeded garden, his cottage needing paint
suffering has followed him to Paris
no spontaneous laughter or smile
nor head held high in evening sun
falling face-downward in Tara's red clay
where the earth descends to rural Georgia
wolf-like animals prowl the asphalt
sucking marrow from the husband's bones
a monster tending sheep
a man snoring in a woolen blanket
a cocoon in Saturday's stew
a nervous green moll asking
how can the future be eternal
if it comes from life.

— Errol Miller

Errol Miller's poetry has been published in Southern Beat, Janes River Review, Appalachian Heritage, *and* Chattahoochee Review.

Inspiration from a Mountain Man

Allen Mills

Bluegrass musician Allen Mills of Ferrum, Va., has been a member of the internationally renowned group Lost and Found for the past 23 years. Although known best for his down-home sense of humor, laid-back singing style, solid bass playing, and creative emcee work, Mills is also a gifted songwriter.

"Love of the Mountains" was inspired by his great-grandparents, who reared his mother. His great-grandfather Louis Farmer Webb was born in 1865 and came to live with the Mills family after the death of his wife, Vaughn Elizabeth Sowder Webb, in 1947. "Poppa," as he was called, often told priceless tales to Mills as a child. "He was the oldest man I ever knew," Mills recalls. "He knew all about the Hatfields and McCoys and the liquor conspiracy of Franklin County, Va., in the 1930s. He was just a real mountain man, and I treasure those hours spent listening to him."

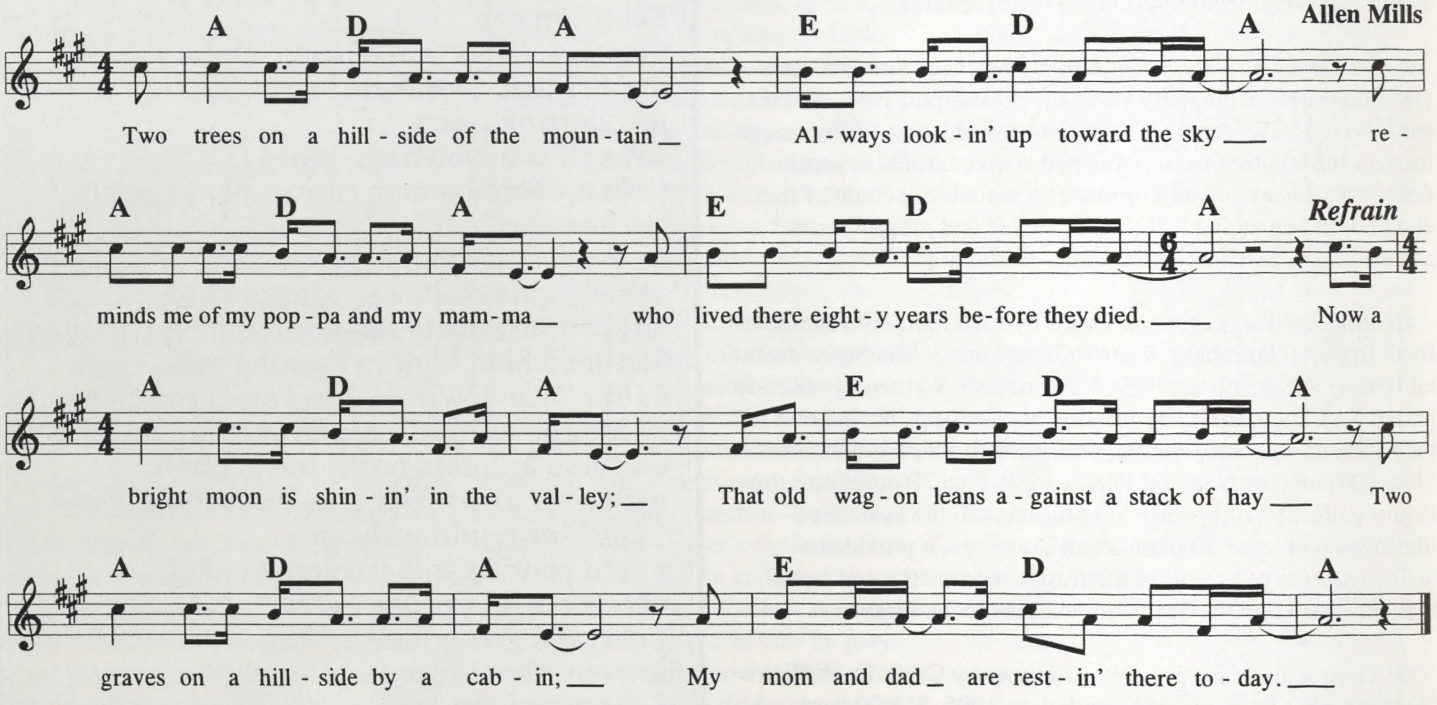
It was the memory of these stories about living in the mountains that inspired Mills to write "Love of the Mountains" one cold January day in 1974. He completed the verses and got the idea for the chorus while driving home through Martinsville, Va., alone late at night. "Love of the Mountains" has been recorded many times and is now a bluegrass jam session "standard."

— Tim Stafford

Courtesy of Allen Mills

Mills' Poppa and Mamma: Louis and Vaughn Elizabeth Webb. The photo dates from the late 1920s.

Love of the Mountains


Allen Mills
A D A E D A
Two trees on a hill - side of the moun - tain Al - ways look - in' up toward the sky re -
A D A E D A Refrain
minds me of my pop - pa and my mam - ma who lived there eight - y years be - fore they died. Now a
A D A E D A
bright moon is shin - in' in the val - ley; That old wag - on leans a - gainst a stack of hay Two
A D A E D A
graves on a hill - side by a cab - in; My mom and dad are rest - in' there to - day.

2. The burnin' of the greenwood on the fireplace;
The fallin' snow around the redbud trees;
The branches of the laurel by the creek bed;
And the rippling waters of the gentle stream.
Refrain

3. Poppa used to talk about the young days
When he and Mamma first were settled there.
He spoke about the love of the mountains
That he and Mamma shared together there.
Refrain

© Fairystone Publishing Co. BMI, 1974. Reprinted by permission. Transcription and music typesetting by Marcia Cooper.

A Simple Thing

Standing at my stove, potatoes to be mashed,
I consider all the years of lumps –
hard white knots awash in gluey pots.
My mother taught high school home ec.
Didn't she tell me how to do it right?
Did I ever ask?

"Dry potatoes – riced before you add the liquid,"
rises through my head.
The dry part I know from my husband's aunt
but "riced" is not her word, or one of mine –
a cooking term, something my mother might
have said – though she never told me, I am sure.
Never acted like I'd need to know,
me with my books and
better things to do.

Maybe she only hoped.
It wasn't something I thought must be learned –
a simple thing
like mashed potatoes. Marriage with its mass
of simple things that everybody knows.
"I'll tell my daughters all the tricks,"
I think. One of them sits behind me
at the table with her book,
chores done, waiting for this food.
And do I move to tell her
how wives take up so much of
what's around, draw it in and show
a smooth outside?

Potatoes, resting in the pot to dry,
shatter at my thrust
to powdery piles – white with no glue, no accusing lumps.
Ready to take up the liquid.
My thoughts unsaid. Not even that word, "dry,"
is spoken to my daughter like a rune.
A girl, eleven and innocent
of potato mashing.
I leave her be.

My potatoes stir up smooth, buttered,
heavy, white with milk.
I turn. "Call your sisters down to supper"
is all she'll hear me say. Bad as I hate it,
I hope someday she wants to know.
Things want to be done right.
Best learned from someone
who knows how.

— Leatha Kendrick

Leatha Kendrick lives on a small farm on the north side of a hill in East Point, Ky. She tends her garden and writes poems, essays, and book reviews. Kendrick is associate editor of Wind *and coordinator of education outreach for Jenny Wiley Theatre.*

East Tennessee State University is one of 46 institutions in the Tennessee Board of Regents system, the seventh largest system of higher education in the nation. The Tennessee Board of Regents is the governing board for this system which is comprised of six universities, 14 community colleges, and 26 area technology centers. The TBR system enrolls 80 percent of all Tennessee students attending public institutions of higher education.

Tennessee Board of Regents

William W. Farris, Memphis
Robert Jack Fishman, Morristown
Scott Fox, Nashville
Robert L. "Bud" Gamble, Chattanooga
F. Evans Harvill, Clarksville
Clifford H. "Bo" Henry, Maryville
Thomas H. Jackson, Nashville
Jane G. Kisber, Jackson
W. Keith McCord, Knoxville
Bryant Millsaps, Tennessee Higher Education Commission, Nashville
Leslie Parks Pope, Kingsport
J. Stanley Rogers, Manchester
Debora S. Seivers, Columbia
Maxine A. Smith, Memphis
The Honorable Don Sundquist, Governor of Tennessee, Nashville
The Honorable Jane Walters, Commissioner of Education, Nashville
J. Howard Warf, Hohenwald
The Honorable Dan Wheeler, Commissioner of Agriculture, Nashville

EARL PALMER

This two-room cabin with a loft was once the home of Walter "Goode" Rakes of the Poplar Camp community in Southwestern Virginia.

NOW & THEN

THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE

Center for Appalachian Studies and Services
East Tennessee State University
Box 70556
Johnson City, TN 37614-0556

Forwarding and address correction requested

Nonprofit Organization
U.S. Postage Paid
Johnson City, TN 37601
Permit No. 194

Coming up:

SUMMER
APPALACHIAN VISIONS

WINTER
RELIGION IN APPALACHIA

PROPERTY OF ARCHIVES OF APPALACHIA
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY